TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."
TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (3 lines).

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Also New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney

ONE OF THE SALE ROOMS AT 20, HANOVER SQUARE.

Sales Every Week Throughout the Year

Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY

Publish the above picture to give the public an idea of the character of the new buildings designed for their Auction Department.

The Sale Rooms

AND EXTENSIVE WAREHOUSES, WITH HYDRAULIC LIFTS, ARE OPEN DAILY TO RECEIVE

JEWELS, FAMILY PLATE, FURNITURE,

PICTURES, DRAWINGS, ENGRAVINGS, PRINTS, AND ETCHINGS,

LIBRARIES, MSS., AUTOGRAPHS, STAMPS, BRONZES, CHINA, MINIATURES,

OLD LACE AND FINE FURS, COINS AND MEDALS,

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, GUNS, WINES, CIGARS, AND OTHER VALUABLES,

intended for early Public Auction.

SHOOLBRED'S

Boys' Complete School Outfits.

Well-cut Clothing, Hats, Boots, Hosiery, Underwear, Trunks, Bags, and every requirement always in stock.

Boys' and Youths' single-breasted Chesterfields, in all the fashionable materials. Rainproof Overcoats in all Colours, from **21/-**

"Very Special"—Youths' double-breasted Ulsters, in Freize, lined wool, from **30/-**

Salisbury Three-Garment Suit. Hard-wearing School Tweeds, **12/6** to **30/-**
Worsted Serges, **18/6** to **30/-**

Boys' and Youths' Lounge Suits, in every size, and in all the new materials, ready for wear, from **21/-**
Black Lounge Coats and Vests, from **25/-**
Fancy Grey Trousers, from **8/6**

Norfolk Suits in Scotch and Irish Tweeds, from **14/6**

TOTTENHAM HOUSE, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

BARLEY, WHEAT AND MILK in Powder Form.

THE IDEAL FOOD DRINK FOR ALL AGES.

Delicious, nourishing and refreshing.

The wholesome nutrition of pure, rich milk and choice malted grain, supplying strength and vigour, with little tax on digestion.

PREPARED IN A MOMENT WITH WATER. NO COOKING.

Used instead of tea, coffee or cocoa at meals develops healthy bodies and clear brains. Equally useful to the vigorous and the weak, the business or professional man, the youth, the maid, the mother, the child, or the infant.

An Efficient Corrective of Insomnia, Taken Hot Before Retiring.

In Glass Bottles, **1/6, 2/6, 11/-**, at all Chemists and Stores.
Liberal Sample for trial free by post on request.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK COMPANY,
SLOUGH, BUCKS, ENGLAND.

By Royal ***Appointment***

'DUVET' EASY CHAIRS

Painting and Decorations

INDIAN TEAK — PARQUET — FLOORINGS.

HOWARD & SONS, Ltd.,

Manufacturers,

25-27, BERNERS STREET, W.

Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY FOR £2,000

Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

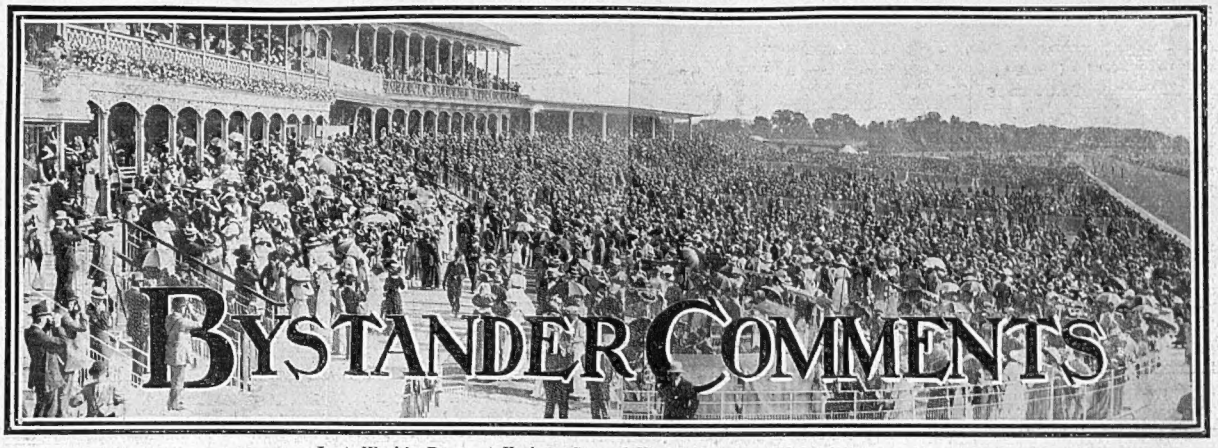
The BYSTANDER

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 405.—Vol. XXXI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, September 6, 1911 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAR

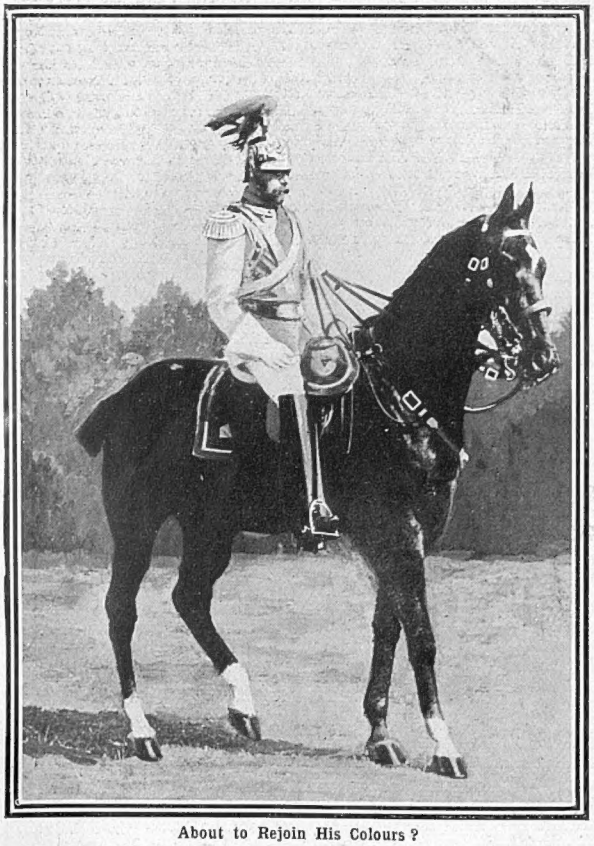
The Hon. Victoria Sackville West, daughter of Lord Sackville, with "Ivan the Terrible," the three-months'-old Russian bear, which she has tamed at Knole Park, Sevenoaks



BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Last Week's Races at York: General View of Stands and Enclosures

WHEN Sydney Smith (this is, I believe, the chestnut season)—when Sydney Smith was asked whether he accepted the thirty-nine articles he replied cheerfully, "Forty, if you like." Perhaps Germany will adopt the same attitude towards the sixty articles of the new Treaty proposed to her by France, and say, "Seventy if you like." What Germany has to gain by continuing her attempt to frighten the French into surrendering everything, including honour, only Germany knows. Clearly, France is prepared to defend herself if attacked, by land and sea, and England, if not Russia too, will come to her aid. We are all, furthermore, keeping unpleasantly cool, despite the frantic attempts of the German inspired Press to goad us into fury by attacking a British diplomatist who doesn't exist for some remarks he didn't make in a paper we none of us read—(on a later page, by the way, I have something more to say on this matter). Even the *Lokal Anzeiger's* discovery that we are a "craven race" does not disturb us as much as was intended. We console ourselves with the reflection that whatever the defects of such compatriots as Drake, Nelson, Wellington, and others, we did at least contribute half of the Kaiser—the half, by the way, which Germany has to thank for the very fact that she is even in sight of that place in the sun.



About to Rejoin His Colours?

Col. H.M. King George V. (in his uniform of the 8th German Cuirassiers), a regiment which is now, doubtless, preparing to take its share in the invasion of England

***

THE affectation of optimism when there is no reason for it is one of the most tiresome as well as one of the most dangerous of our many newspaper hypocrisies. Week after week we have been told of "probable settlement," "agreement in principle," "peace probable," and so on, only to read later on of dropping prices, increased war insurance rates, cancelled manœuvres, arrests of spies, and other outward signs of inward official fear. To say, as I read in one of the leading articles, that the question is merely of "cartographic interest"—one of a "few square miles of African territory"—and to throw on France the responsibility of a war on such grounds, is not only to falsify facts, but to falsify them against our own friends.

***

THE question is one of might against right. Germany had conceded, by two successive treaties, the French status in Morocco. Suddenly, like a thief on a Saturday afternoon, she went to Agadir, thus telling France that the treaties solemnly made were now suddenly unmade. France kept cool, and entered into "conversations," to be told that she must surrender a large portion of her colonies. France very calmly discussed the proposal like the gentleman she is, but drew back when threatened with rank spoliation. If the leopard has changed its spots (or, as we remarked the other day, the *Panther* is going to change its spot), if Germany is to admit that she has blundered, then there may be peace—until she blunders again. But that she will do this is in the highest degree unlikely; therefore is optimism, until the *affaire* is finally closed, either folly or hypocrisy.

***

I SUPPOSE the transference of the "Adoration of the Kings," from Castle Howard to Trafalgar Square is worth £40,000 to the State? It does, however, seem rather a lot of money to pay to provide a change of wall for a piece of canvas, however well painted over, especially after a reading of Mr. Lloyd George's recent speech about the sufferings of the poor. Think, however, of the qualms of the poor Trustee of the National Gallery! He, too, had read the Chancellor's speech, and was in the middle of his tenth tear-drop over the woes of the Great Underpaid, when he

THE NATIONAL GALLERY GAINS WHILE THE LOUVRE LOSES

The National Gallery has been enriched by the purchase of one of the most celebrated art treasures in the kingdom. The Trustees have bought from Rosalind, Countess of Carlisle, for £40,000, in addition to the amount of estate duty payable on the picture, the famous "Adoration of the Kings," by Jan Gossart, of Mabuse, known as the "Castle Howard Mabuse"

received the telegram telling him that the Castle Howard "Adoration" was going for forty thousand. Imagine the poor fellow's heartrending difficulty. Burning with a desire to spend the money in providing houses for thousands of living men and women, he is compelled by his Duty to spend it in providing a mere change of residence for a piece of painted canvas. Instead of hanging privately, it will now hang publicly, and Lady Carlisle will have £40,000 more and Castle Howard a wall-space less. It only remains to be said that the Carlisle family are staunch Liberals. . . .

***

DR. GORE is so anxious that he shall have a worthy successor in the Birmingham See that he has ordered prayers to that effect in the Diocese. He surely knows that the selection rests with the Prime Minister, and that any interference from higher quarters with his will (that of the People) is now constitutionally forbidden.

***

THE personal attack on Mr. Churchill for the Home Office's release of a lunatic seems to have failed. Perhaps that is as well. There are sufficient political sticks with which to beat our Winston without trying departmental ones that may, sometimes, break. After all, there must be many reasons not known to the public to justify the release of a prisoner here and there, and to attack the Secretary on the strength of a newspaper report shows Lord Midleton to be rather a jumpy sort of person. Jumpiness seems to be rather characteristic of Tory leadership in the absence of Mr. Balfour.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. THE GREAT AERIAL SMITHS, NELLA WEBB, MARIE DAINTON & Co., in "The Little Lieutenant." "SYLVIA" Ballet, FRED FARREN, Phyl is Bedells, etc. EVENINGS at 8. Manager, ARTHUR ALDIN.

DALY'S THEATRE, Every Evening, at 8.15. MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' New Musical Production, "THE COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG." English libretto by BASIL HOOD. Music by FRANZ LEHAR. MATINÉE, SATURDAY, at 2.15.

GAIETY THEATRE. Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES. Every Evening, at 8. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES' New Musical Production, "PEGGY." By GEORGE GROSSMITH, Jun. Music by LESLIE STUART.

PRINCE OF WALES'. Every Evening, at 8.45. MR. CHARLES HAWTREY'S New Production, "THE GREAT NAME." At 8, "A Sentimental Cuss." First Mat., Wed., Sept. 13, at 2.30.

COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8. MAX REINHARDT'S "SUMURÛN" ALBERT CHEVALIER, SAHARET, GIGLIO, WALTER PASSMORE, and STAR Co. 6d. to 7s. 6d. 7541 Gerrard.

LONDON HIPPODROME. Daily, 2 and 8. ARMENE OHANIAN IN "A NIGHT WITH THE SULTAN," MELLA MARS, "A TERRIBLE DREAM," WITH 3 FOREST-BRED LIONS, and Star Co. 1s. to £4 4s. 650 Gerrard.

MASKELYNE AND DEVANT'S MYSTERIES, St. George's Hall, Oxford Circus, W. New Programme. daily at 3 and 8. Mr. David Devant, Mr. Ernest H. Mills, Mr. Louis Nikola, Mr. Astley Weaver, famous farce, Mrs. Daffodil Downey's Seance. Colour Cinematography, Coronation, etc. Seats, 1s. to 5s. Children half-price. 'Phone: 1545 Mayfair.

Important Notice to all "Bystander" Readers

£2,000 will be paid by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited, Principal Offices, Nos. 36 to 44, Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to the legal personal representative of the *bona-fide* holder of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, if such holder shall be killed by an accident within the United Kingdom to any passenger-train, public omnibus, tram-car, or four-wheeled or hansom cab (driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), in which such holder is travelling as an ordinary ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger, season ticket-holder, or trader's ticket-holder; or **£1,000** will be paid by the Corporation to the legal personal representative of such holder, if such holder shall be killed by an accident, in any part of the world, to any passenger-steamer in which such holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger; or should such holder sustain an injury, caused by an accident as above defined, which shall not prove fatal as aforesaid, but cause the Loss of Two Limbs (both arms or both legs, or one of each, by actual separation above the wrist or ankle), the Corporation will pay to such holder £1,000; or for the Loss of One Limb, under aforesaid conditions, £500.

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are the essence of the contract, viz.: (*a*) That such death or loss result within one month after the accident, (*b*) that such holder's usual signature shall have been written in ink or pencil, in the space provided underneath, before the accident, (*c*) that notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident, and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident, (*d*) that medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation, and (*e*) that this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for the current week of issue only.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, LIMITED, ACT, 1890," Risks Nos. 2, 3, 5, and 6, when they are not incompatible with the special conditions above stated.

This Insurance extends from and includes Tuesday, the 5th day of Sept., 1911, to the midnight of Wednesday, the 13th day of Sept., 1911.

The possession of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket is admitted to be the payment of a premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A print of the Act can be seen at the Principal Office of the Corporation.

This Insurance holds good in the case of a Railway Servant travelling with a pass in a passengers' compartment.

Signature.....

Subscribers paying yearly or half yearly in advance, either direct to our Publisher or to a Newsagent, are not required to sign the above Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, but will be held covered under the terms of same during the currency of their Subscriptions, provided that a certificate to this effect be obtained in respect of each period of subscription. This can be done by forwarding a stamped addressed envelope, accompanied by the Newsagent's receipt and two penny stamps for registration, to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited, 36-44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

NOTE.—For the sum of £1 6s. 2d. (for 52 weeks) and for 14s. 1d. (for 26 weeks) you receive THE BYSTANDER *post free and are insured as above.*

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.
Per Annum.

	At Home.	Canada.	Elsewhere Abroad.
"The Graphic" .. .. (including Summer and Christmas Nos.)	30/-	32/-	36/6
"The Daily Graphic"	39/-	52/-	52/-
"The Daily Graphic" .. .. .. (weekly part, 6 Nos.)	43/6	34/8	43/6
"The Bystander"	28/2	30/4	35/-

All Applications or Remittances should be sent direct to the Publisher, "The Graphic" Office, Tallis Street, London, E.C.

Paris Office for Subscriptions and Advertisements: Marc Dormoy, 35, Rue Lafayette

TRAVEL.

P&O MAIL AND PASSENGER SERVICES. *Under Contract with H.M. Government.*
EGYPT, INDIA, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, &c.
Conveying Passengers and Merchandise to ALL EASTERN PORTS.

P&O PLEASURE CRUISES
By the new "DURBAR" S.S.
"MALOJA," 12,500 Tons.

LONDON to LISBON, TENERIFFE, MADEIRA and GIBRALTAR..... | Cr. X.—Sept. 23 to Oct. 12. Fares from 16 Guineas.
From LONDON by the well-known S.Y. "VECTIS."
DALMATIA, VENICE, CORFU, &c..... | No. 8.—Sept. 8 to Oct. 7.
From MARSEILLES (Rail and Sea connections from London).
CONSTANTINOPLE, GREECE, &c..... | No. 9.—Oct. 12 to Nov. 4.
Fares—Cr. 8 from 25 Gns.; 9 from 20 Gns.

P&O Illustrated Handbooks on Application. Offices: Northumberland Avenue, W.C. / 122, Leadenhall Street, E.C. / LONDON

HOTELS.

. . THE . .

ROYAL PALACE HOTEL

KENSINGTON, LONDON, W

The ideal family Hotel, unique position, charming outlook over Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park.

Comfortable, convenient, and free from street noises.

MODERATE CHARGES. INCLUSIVE TERMS.

THE "EMPRESS ROOMS"

are the finest suite of rooms in London for Balls, Banquets, Receptions, etc.

CHARITIES.

THE SHIPWRECKED FISHERMEN AND MARINERS' ROYAL BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

"There is Sorrow on the Sea."

FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED.

Bankers—Williams Deacon's Bank, Ltd., Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

Patron—HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President—The Rt. Hon. THE EARL CADOGAN, K.G.

Chairman—Admiral W. F. S. MANN

Secretary—G. E. MAUDE, Esq.

Offices—26, SUFFOLK STREET, PALL MALL EAST, LONDON, S.W.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

POEMS. By E. Pottle. (Methuen: 5s. net.)
THE DUMB AMBASSADOR. By A. G. Greenwood. (Everett: 6s.)
SUFFRAGETTE SALLY. By G. Colmore. (Paul.)
ELFA. By A. W. Marchmount. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
OTHER LAWS. By J. Parkinson. (Lane: 6s.)
THE LAND OF TECK. By S. Baring-Gould. (Lane: 10s. 6d. net.)
BODY AND SOUL. By Lady Troubridge. (Mills and Boon: 6s.)
A ROMAN PILGRIMAGE. By R. E. Roberts. (Methuen: 10s. 6d. net.)
THE WORLD'S PEACE. By Tadasi Saiki. (Methuen: 6s.)
A BIRD IN THE HAND. By R. D. Browne. (Methuen: 2s. 6d.)
IN FEAR OF A THRONE. By R. Andom. (Paul.)
RAFFLES. By E. W. Hornung. (Eveleigh Nash: 2s. net.)
SAM'S KID. By F. E. Mills Young. (Lane: 6s.)
IVOR. By G. H. Russell. (Murray: 6s.)
THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA. By Gaston Leroux. (Mills and Boon: 6s.)
THE OTHER RICHARD GRAHAM. By Mrs. F. Clapperton. (Stock: 6s.)
OUT OF THE SHADOWS. By Captain H. Curties. (Greening: 6s.)
NOOKS AND CORNERS OF YORKSHIRE. By J. S. Fletcher. (Eveleigh Nash: 2s. 6d. net.)
PO(E)T POURRI. By J. Penstowe. (Century Press: 3s. 6d.)
THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL. (Cassell: 5s. net.)
HOW TO UNDERSTAND SCULPTURE. By Margaret Thomas. (Bell and Son.)
UNDER THE SALAMANDER. By J. Bloundelle-Burton. (Everett: 6s.)
TOY DOGS. By the Hon. Mrs. N. Lytton. (Duckworth: 30s. net.)
THE NELSONS OF BURNHAM THORPE. By M. Eyre Matcham. (Lane: 16s. net.)
NONSENSE. By S. Leacock. (Lane: 3s. 6d. net.)
WHERE DAY BEGINS. By A. Buchanan. (Ouseley: 6s.)
THE DIVINE FIRE. By May Sinclair. (Eveleigh Nash: 2s. net.)
THE SILVER SHAMROCK. By Captain H. Curties. (Greening: 6s.)
THE DEVIL IN SOLUTION. By W. Caine. (Greening: 6s.)
THE FOUR FINGERS. By F. M. White. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
THE MUZZLED OX. By Coralie Stanton and H. Hosken. (Paul.)
A MYSTERIOUS LOVER. By Alice M. Diehl. (Paul.)

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom, ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1d. (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

At Court and in Society

The King and India

IN places where they ought to know the betting is about 10 to 1, so I hear, against the King going to India in the autumn. "It would be *most* ill-advised," declared a Civil Servant, who knows as much of India and the Indian as any man living, the other day, and this notwithstanding the fact that nothing, of course, so much impresses the Eastern mind as a thorough good dose of the "tide of pomp that breaks upon the high shore of the world."

Keeping Up Appearances

The trouble with India is always, of course, that the people who rule it are not those that live there and who know, but those who do not live there and do not know, though, unfortunately, they think they do. "The secret of success in India," someone once said, "is keeping up a good appearance before the native." Which is one of the reasons, I suppose, why the scions of so many of our best families get drafted to India, where even the men in banks are younger sons of the class that puts its boys in the Guards.

Troublesome Visitors

And then, as everyone knows, Durbars *do* give such a lot of trouble. It took official India years to get over the effects of the last Durbar, the English visitors having either so spoiled and encouraged the native that he entirely lost his head and "presumed" for evermore, or else snubbed him till he took offence and became an enemy. I hear that many English-Americans are "making the trip" to the Durbar. It costs a lot—that is its chief attraction.

Photograph] Viscount Hawarden [*Lafayette*

Who celebrates his coming-of-age to-day, Wednesday, September 6. He is the head of the Maude family, of which Mr. Cyril of that ilk is one of the best known

A Coming-of-Age

Viscount Hawarden, who attains his majority to-day, belongs at present to that small but select contingent of the Upper Ten that remains unparagraphed. This, however, is a state of affairs for which only youth and its blamelessness are responsible, and will, I doubt not, but too soon be rectified. The Viscount is the head of the Maude family, of which that popular actor-manager, Mr. Cyril Maude, is one of the best-known members. The Hawarden viscounty is a Georgian one, its holder's residence a flat in Chelsea, and it was somewhat of a point, at any rate with the late Viscount, that his name should be pronounced Haywarden and not Harden, as the place from which it is derived is known. The title of Earl de Montalt, one that hails from the days of Rufus, has been twice revived for the Maudes, becoming extinct for the last time when the fourth Viscount, who was twice Lord-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria, died without sons.

Mobbing the Chancellor

The Chancellor of the Exchequer is, I see, being mobbed up at his native Criccieth, where, on that £5,000 per annum of his, he now sports a big new house. "It's just like Royalty," writes an enthusiastic correspondent from the Principality; "it simply *poured* with rain on Sunday, but there was a huge crowd to see Mr. George leave the Baptist Chapel; and even the Chancellor's wife, a quiet, unassuming lady, came in for notice at *her* kirk, the Calvinistic Methodist. And the "Meenister" is biding with the Chancellor. We *are* gay here!"

Popularity

How long is it, I wonder, since any mere politician, Palmerston and Dizzy, perhaps, excepted, was so loathed and loved, so reviled and so admired as this Welsh Chancellor of ours? Mr. Lloyd George enjoys the sort of popularity—a rather hysterical sort, perhaps—that the Victorians accorded successful soldiers. People lose their tempers over him, families quarrel bitterly, just as they did in the good old days when Whigs and Tories were really Whigs and Tories, politics were taken *au grand serieux*, and political warfare attained a height inconceivable to us languid moderns.

The Week

The partridges, the Bailey-Westenra wedding (performed with bridesmaids, receptions, white satin, the sub-dean and all, although Town is "empty"), racing at Derby, a horse show at Bath, a cricket week at Scarborough, and the Games and Gatherings at Atholl and Braemar are chief among the social diversions of the week. Next week Oban, the loveliest spot in the lovely Western Highlands, is centre of the

Scottish universe, and further south there is, of course, Doncaster, most delightful of beginnings to that delightful season—the autumn racing one.

At Newmarket

Talking of racing, I hear that Sir Ernest Cassel's gift of Grafton House (which he bought from the executors of King Edward) to the town of Newmarket is causing great discussion up in the racing capital. The land being right in the centre of the High Street it is felt that here, if anywhere, should be offered that entertainment which it is hoped will induce visitors to stay in the town during the meetings. But a proviso is that the site shall be kept an open space—and *al fresco* entertainments in England *are* such an uncertain quantity! By the way, some faint idea of what Egyptian millionaires spend in building their houses may be gathered from the fact that the builders of Sir Ernest Cassel's place in Park Lane are said to have made £20,000 clear profit on the transaction.

An American Widow

Apropos of great houses, I see that Mrs. Leeds, the lady who has been renting Mrs. Keppel's costly mansion in Grosvenor Street (and was to have entertained so much there during the season, but somehow didn't), is now cruising on board the *Semiramis, née Marguerita,* property of Lord Anglesey, in the Mediterranean. Lady Sarah Wilson and a party are with her, and she will later take up residence at Balcombe, the seat of Lord Denman, new Australian Governor, near to which another wealthy American, the Duchess of Marlborough, has also taken a week-end "cottage."

King Manoel's Debts

Portuguese threats to stop the £666 a month allowed their ex-King till he works off the Royal indebtedness (some £900,000) do not seem to be affecting the spirits of Dom Manoel, who, in the intervals of "curing" at Harrogate, has been putting in some very first-class shooting at Studley Royal and elsewhere. In more ways than one, of course, a stoppage of his allowance would irk the young exile. Life was never a particularly cheap affair as lived by a Bourbon! But his mother, Queen Amelia, has money, plenty of it, all of which, long before the crisis, was carefully invested *out* of Portugal.

A Correction

I very much regret that by a quite unaccountable slip of the pen I referred in a recent issue to the daughter of Mrs. William James as having lately married a son of General Sir Arthur Paget. Miss James was married in June last to Mr. Henry Howard.

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

Caught in a German Press Storm

Sir Fairfax Cartwright, British Ambassador in Vienna, to whom is attributed the indiscreet interview in the *Neue Freie Presse* (see below)

Incompetence or

THE LONDON PRESS AND

I HAVE received the following from a correspondent:—

On returning last Monday week from my holiday, I found in the newspapers, most of which I bought for my journey, the news that the German Press was ablaze with indignation over an interview published in Vienna with a British diplomatist. So angry were the comments quoted that I had grave fears that war might break out before I reached London.

What, however, most concerned me was curiosity to know what the "diplomatist" had *actually said.* Would you believe it, Sir, not a single one of the papers I had had taken the trouble to publish this. I looked for the interview on the day following, but again found only more German attacks on Sir F. Cartwright. Another futile search the following day, and I gave it up. What, I ask, is the London Press thinking about that it fails to satisfy so natural a curiosity as mine, and I have no doubt of millions of others, to know, when a man is attacked for saying something, what it is he has said? Do London editors know what the public wants, or do the exigencies of work at night and sleep by day prevent their mingling with the common herd for whom they are supposed to cater?

I will not be disrespectful enough to give my own answer to the latter question. As to the now famous (or infamous) interview, it certainly did appear in the *Times* of Monday, the 28th ult., and (abridged) in the *Morning Post* of the same date, but, like my correspondent, I did not see it in any of the other papers, and share his surprise at what may be an oversight on the part of my contemporaries, but which is more likely to be a display of that discretion which newspaper editors of to-day ever find the better part of valour. For my correspondent's benefit, I here reproduce the *Times* summary of the interview which was attributed to our ambassador in Vienna:—

What the "British Diplomat" Actually Said

I will put it quite plainly. One has a feeling that Germany's action is a challenge. These everlasting challenges begin to be serious. Behind the despatch of the *Panther* to Agadir, and behind the whole of German foreign policy, so far as it allows itself to be governed by these provocative methods, those who know Germany see, not the German people but only a certain clique, whose action in various European centres is equally reckless In a certain sense, what was true of France before 1870 is true of Germany to-day. In those days politics were made by the Tuileries—the legislative bodies were creatures of the Tuileries. It was the Tuileries that made the senseless war against Germany. To-day in Germany politics are made from above, not by the people. The German Imperial Government does not, like the English Government, represent the public opinion of the country. The *entourage* of the Emperor has clearly inspired the act of Agadir. If Germany had a Government which really represented public opinion she would not have embarked on the unfortunate Moroccan policy.

I need hardly say how much England desires peace and a good understanding with Germany. Has not Asquith repeatedly given expression to this desire? Have we not, since Bülow's fall, tried to believe in a real improvement of our relations with Germany? But then German diplomacy strikes in, having at its back not Germany—I mean the German people—but an oligarchy which hinders the wise guidance of the State and deprives genuine statesmen of their independence.

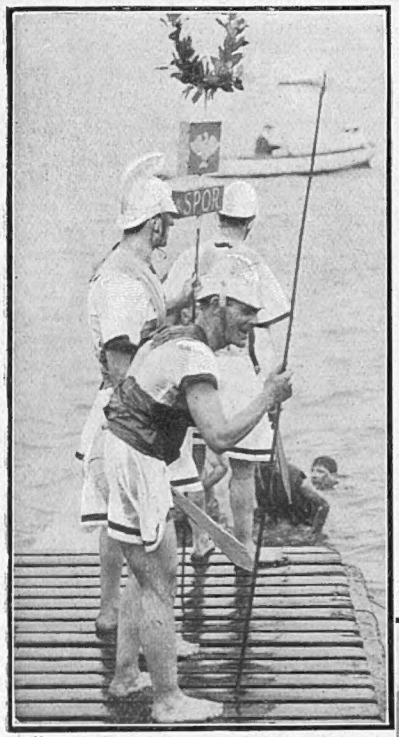
It is, too, a misfortune for the world that a considerable number of German diplomatists who occupy very prominent and conspicuous positions appear to keep their Government inadequately informed about the real feeling of the people in the country where they are accredited. I may be allowed to remark, for instance, that the German Government is not well informed in regard to the feeling in England. If there is to be an improvement in this respect there must be a change—a change not only of system, but also of persons.

Excessive Caution?

THE VIENNA INTERVIEW

War Scare: Coast Towns Busy

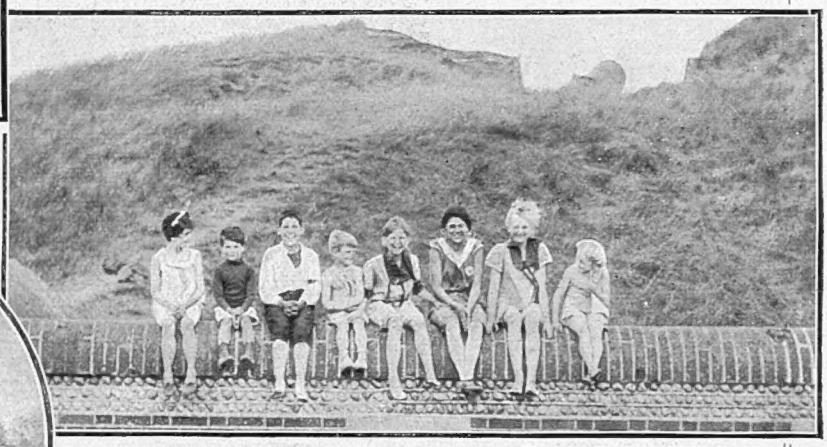
PREPARING TO DEFEND THEMSELVES AGAINST THE ENEMY—WHEN THEY CAN GET AT HIM



BURLESQUE INVASION OF ENGLAND BY ROMANS AT CLACTON: THE SUCCESSFUL ROMANS

THE ROMANS AND BRITONS AT GRIPS AT CLACTON! (A.D. 1911)

The historic Tenth Legion, this time minus Cæsar, again refuse to be repulsed



INFANTILE GERMAN SPIES? A SUSPICIOUS PHOTOGRAPH AT SHOREHAM FORT

AN ANCIENT BRITON IN HIS CORACLE AT CLACTON

THE PRIZE-WINNERS AT THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS AT RAMSGATE

SAILORS OF TO-DAY MASQUERADING AS SAILORS OF NELSON'S TIME AT PORTSMOUTH

Handsome Wife of a Handsome General

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

LADY BEATRICE POLE-CAREW

The Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew and her husband, General Sir Reginald Pole-Carew, were once singled out by the late King, a judge of beauty if ever there was one, as "one of the handsomest couples in England—or Ireland either!" Lady Pole-Carew counts racing (she is, of course, Irish, daughter of Lord Ormonde) and gardening among her hobbies, and in pursuit of the latter spends most of her time at Antony, the lovely old seat of the Carews in Devonshire

Photograph Whitlock

From Birmingham to Oxford

Dr. Gore, the new Bishop of Oxford, whose appointment has been universally acclaimed at the University, his *alma mater*

The Oxford Bishop

Mere appropriateness is not, in this faulty world of ours, the salient feature of most appointments. But it's the exception, of course, that etcetera, and there was never a more appropriate appointment than that of Dr. Gore, of Birmingham, to Oxford. The man of whom it has been said that he has "changed the Christianity of the Midlands" is one of the great University's most distinguished sons; *alma mater* lies as close to his heart as—well, as matters mundane *may* lie to the heart ecclesiastical: and during his sixteen years there he enjoyed an immense popularity.

Doncaster—

All roads, racing ones, anyway, lead moorwards next week. All the North Country entertains for the St. Leger, "Derby of the North," and there are few, if any, more delightful and enjoyable meetings. On the social side neither at Escrick, Lord Wenlock's place, nor at Rufford, where the late King always Doncastered with Lord and Lady Savile, are there the usual once big parties, and at Clumber there is mourning for the Duchess of Newcastle's father. But there will be the usual hospitalities under the auspices of the Fitzwilliams at Wentworth Woodhouse (capable of accommodating a hundred guests, bigger than Buckingham Palace); at Chevet Park, Sir Thomas Pilkington's place; at Bilborough Manor, the lovely Tudor home of one of the married Wilson ladies; and at Serlby, Lord Galway's seat.

—And Its Hosts

Lord and Lady Scarborough bring friends from Sandbeck; Major and Mrs. Laycock from Wiseton Hall; Mrs. Arthur Wilson comes from Tranby Croft; and Lord Nunburnholme also goes racing, though his father, the first Lord, disapproved; and Lord and Lady Wharncliffe generally entertain at Wortley, near Sheffield. Other Doncaster hosts are Lord Lonsdale, Lord Rosse, Lord Charles Beresford, Mr. Gervase Beckett, Captain Hunloke, Lord Halifax, and Mr. Clive Behrens.

Unionising

Having, like the "custodians" at the Louvre, managed to mismanage itself lately, the Unionist party—or, at any rate, its secretaries—is now feverishly busy reorganising. Its first step, which makes Lord Farquhar—banker, courtier, man of the world—guardian of the party's treasure-chest, is generally commended, though one would have thought a younger man might have been chosen; and one hears equal approval expressed of the appointment of Mr. Jenkins as Chief Organising Secretary of the Conservative Central Office and Sir George Younger as Scottish organiser.

The Organisers

Of Lord Farquhar's capabilities with the money-bags all the world knows; also how he reorganised a Royal Household which had become extremely demoralised during the slack Victorian years. Sir George Younger is that somewhat lonely plant—a Scotch Unionist. A brewer, bald, breezy, bright, broad faced *and* minded (pardon the horrible alliteration), what Sir George doesn't know about publicans (they're his pet hobby) isn't in the least worth knowing, while he is of that build of mind and body that can make a dozen speeches in an evening, and tire neither mentally nor physically. Truly, a Terror for the Tories!

Photograph Lafayette

Photograph Dickinson

New Blood in Unionist Organisation

Sir George Younger, M.P. for Ayr Burghs, a well-known brewer, who has been appointed Scottish Organiser of the Unionist Party

Lord Farquhar, the famous banker and courtier, who has been given charge of the Party's treasure-chest

Games and Gatherings

The only difference between the Atholl Gathering and the Braemar ditto which takes place (under the augustest patronage) to-morrow is that the one, the first-named, is genuine, and the other—well, is not! For how many centuries the Atholl Highlanders, arrayed in their home-woven tartans, the great Highland bagpipes sounding the "Atholl Gathering," their Chief at their head, have swung on to the tented field it were hard to say! They were notorious free-booters in their day, those Atholl men! But the "Balmoral Highlanders," who take such prominent part at Braemar, were evolved from the inner consciousness of

Photograph Lafayette, Dublin

A Highly Acceptable Chancellor

Mr. Redmond Barry, K.C., promoted from Attorney-General for Ireland to the office of Lord Chancellor of Ireland, in succession to the late Sir Samuel Walker

the very Scotch-struck Prince Consort, while the "Duffs" were invented by the Duke of Fife's father, a gentleman of Lowland extraction! These are not even mushroom clans; in many cases, indeed, the men are not Highlanders, but just mere "Sassenachs!"

MISSING "MONNA LISA"

WAS SHE ABDUCTED BY THE GERMANS?

A SENSATIONAL SOLUTION OF THE MYSTERY

[From "The Bystander's" Own Extra-Special Foreign Correspondent in London]

"MONNA LISA" will get back to Paris. Her abduction was a political intrigue which has failed—a sensational attempt on the part of the German Foreign Office to outbid Bismarck's Ems telegram and to goad France into war. Can anybody who has studied the theft deny that it bears upon it, in the brutality of its conception and the dogged thoroughness of its execution, the hateful touch of the Teuton? First, let us examine the motive of the act. Germany wanted a war with France, or, at all events, to inflict on her neighbour another humiliation. She tried Agadir, and it failed (thanks, so they say, to the firmness of Great Britain). No sooner had the "conversations" broken off, than there came the news of the theft of the Gioconda.

I have reason to believe that this was the work of German spies, and that its object was to create for France an impossible situation. Fortunately, however, the plot has failed—ignominiously. Not that the picture was not smuggled safely enough to the Wilhelmstrasse (by motor-car to Havre and thence by mystery ship to Kiel). It was when it got there that the trouble began. Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter had already drafted the news of the successful German annexation of this French possession, and had sent for the editors of the semi-official papers, one of whom was a Bavarian, another a Saxon, and the third a Wurtemburger. When, however, the State Secretary announced that the "Monna Lisa" would be placed, by order of the Kaiser, in the Old Museum at Berlin, there was such an outburst of rage that the Statesman was alarmed.

The Leonardo masterpiece to be possessed by *parvenu* Berlin?

The thing could not, should not be.

"It must go to Munich," cried the Bavarian editor.

"To Dresden," bawled the Saxon, "or, at least, to Leipsic."

"To Stuttgart," mildly suggested the Wurtemburger.

"But if it remains in Berlin?" asked the Secretary.

"Prussia will have war not with France," cried the three in unison, "but with Germany."

The Secretary sighed.

"Another humiliation!" he moaned. "The picture must go back to Paris."

"It is best," agreed the editors. "And to-morrow's news?"

"You will publish some fresh attacks on England," said the Secretary, rising. "Good night, gentlemen—curse you!"

That is the secret history of the theft of the Gioconda. Intended to cause a war with France, it nearly caused a civil war in Germany. By the time this revelation appears it should be safely back in the Louvre, the official explanation being that it had been merely mislaid.

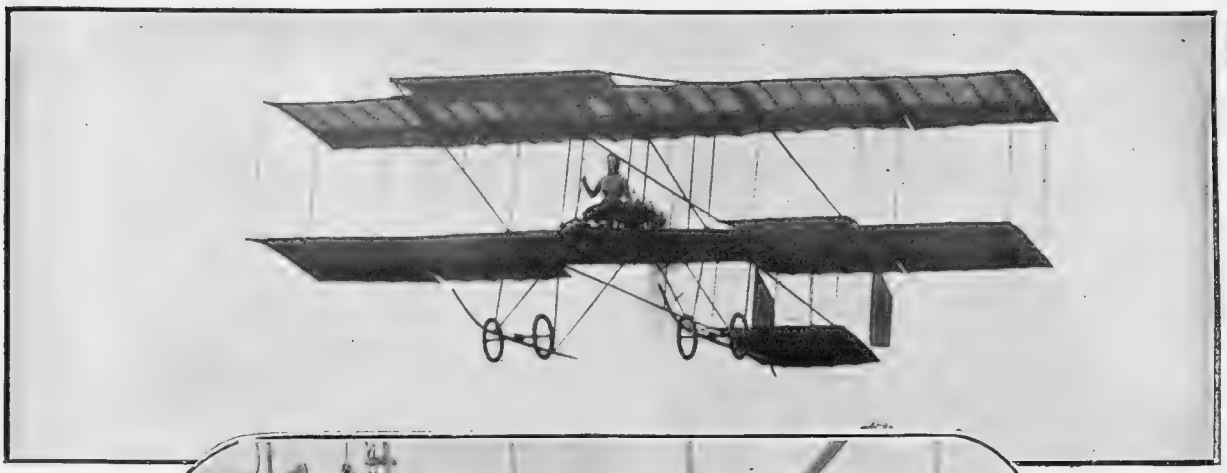
Photograph *Silk*

AS IN THE DAYS OF THE ARMADA: NAVAL MEN STILL GAMING AT PORTSMOUTH

While German spies are among us, and diplomats are striving their utmost to avoid the calamity of a European war, sailors and marines of His Majesty's Navy have been dressing up for carnival as they did at Plymouth in 1588, when the most famous game of bowls ever played was interrupted by the news of the arrival of the Spanish Armada

The Art of Rising in the World

A FAMOUS NOVELIST'S WIFE EMULATES HER HUSBAND'S FLIGHTS



MRS. MAURICE HEWLETT, THE FIRST ENGLISH FLYING WOMAN

While Mr. Maurice Hewlett, the novelist, soars the clouds in the spirit, his more practical consort roams them in the flesh. She was the first woman in England to fly, and has established a school, numbering about fifty pupils, at Brooklands. The pictures show the adventurous lady on her Farman biplane both planing through the clouds, and planning further flights on terra firma

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"THE CONCERT" AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE

THIS is a slight but amusing play of the artistic temperament, that convenient state which is sometimes accepted as an excuse for ignoring the claims of the Ten Commandments. Gabor Arany is a great musician whose lady pupils are all in love with him. Their love is of that hysterical order which is commonly known as "intense," but which can often be successfully treated by some homely form of febrifuge. In a general way Arany is quite philosophic with respect to the devotion of his pupils. He regards it as all part of the business, and very good for the complexion of his banking account. Now and again, however, he is liable to surrender to a more intense display of worship than usual, and then he retires to his bungalow in the country, announcing that he is called away to

produce an important concert. The concert is, of course, merely a duet; but fascinating as the subject is, I shall not pursue it at greater length, as I feel the stern Editorial eye already upon me.

When the play opens Arany is desolating his pupils with the announcement that lessons must be suspended for a few days owing to the necessary preparations for another "concert." The pupils, whose adoration of the "master" is only equalled by their jealousy of each other, confer hurriedly as to the identity of the lady in the case, and find that she is Mrs. Flora Dallas, the young and impressionable wife of the local doctor. Anonymous letters are put into circulation, with the result that the doctor calls to see Mrs. Arany in order to know what they ought to do about it. His idea is that if his wife is really in love with Arany he ought to divorce her so that she shall be free to marry the new love. This is a rather wild programme, of course; but it is evident, from the doctor's insistence on the fact that he possesses a sense of humour, that it is not meant seriously. Still, it forms a working hypothesis for the playful argument; and the doctor and Mrs. Arany accept it for the moment as the basis of negotiations with the runaways whom they are pursuing into the country.

Arany and his newest love arrive first on the rural scene. Mrs. Flora Dallas is skittish and childlike, but as the gravity of her position comes home to her, she grows distinctly dismal, and finally sheds tears to an extent which is rather embarrassing. After all, when you have gone to the trouble of embarking on a gay life, an outbreak of penitent tearfulness does not add to the hilarious jollity of the enterprise. Just as Arany has decided to take the lady home again, the doctor and Mrs. Arany arrive with their amusing programme definitely decided on. In effect the doctor merely wants to know whether Arany's love for Flora is eternal, as in that case he ought to marry her. Arany, somewhat taken aback by the proposal to put what he regards as merely a week-end relaxation on a permanent basis, excitedly replies that he is not in the habit of measuring his heart-beats by a metronome, and that he cannot, therefore, say with any degree of accuracy how long his latest infatuation is likely to last. Mrs. Arany, who regards her husband as nothing more than an overgrown, irresponsible child, has never taken him seriously from the first. Her method of bringing him back to her by the sheer force of superior individuality is both amusing and dainty, even in the midst of a discussion as to how the limited sleeping accommodation at the bungalow

is to be allotted between the mixed couples. Arany, who has found a set of chessmen, settles down to a game of chess with his own wife as if nothing had happened to disturb in the least their ordinary domestic felicity; while Flora is left to weep unnoticed in a corner of the room. Mr. Henry Ainley gives a very clever study of the excitable and amorous musician, and Miss May Blaney is quite convincing as the erring wife who is a mixture of laughter and tears. Miss Irene Vanbrugh as Mrs. Arany is delightful with her dryly humorous exposure of her husband's little weakness and vanities, and easily leads a company that is, nevertheless, well above the average in excellence. JINGLE

"Bunty's" Fiftieth Performance

Bunty Pulls the Strings celebrated its fiftieth performance at the Haymarket Theatre on Wednesday evening, August 30. There is no abatement in the interest taken by the public, and crowded houses are the order of the day. *Bunty* looks as if she would pull the strings of London for a very long time to come.

Kismet Canned

ANOTHER DRAMA SUCCESSFULLY CONDENSED BY "THE FOLLIES"

A SCENE FROM THE FOLLIES' NEW SKIT ON "KISMET"

MR. MORRIS HARVEY AS WAZIR MANSUR

MR. H. G. PÉLISSIER AS CADG IN THE "KISMET" SKIT

MR. PETER UPCHER AS KAFFIR (EGYPTIAN)

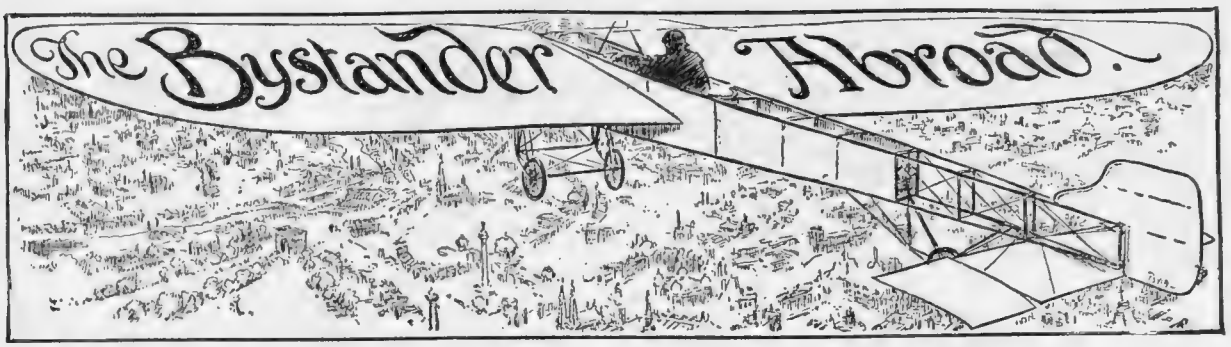
"INSIDE THE WHITE CITY": THE FOLLIES' SKIT ON "KISMET"

The irrepressible Follies have reopened at the Apollo Theatre in a new programme. Some photographs of the skit on "Kismet" appear above. Another popular play potted is "Baby Mine," in which Mr. Pélissier appears in the title-rôle. The programme also includes "a Grand Guignol thrill," and a skit on the advanced drama, entitled "Self-Consciousness, or the Fourth Wall"

Early Autumn in the High Alpine Pastures

RUGGED MOUNTAIN GRANDEUR: AN INSPIRING SCENE FROM THE CLIFFS OF AXENSTEIN

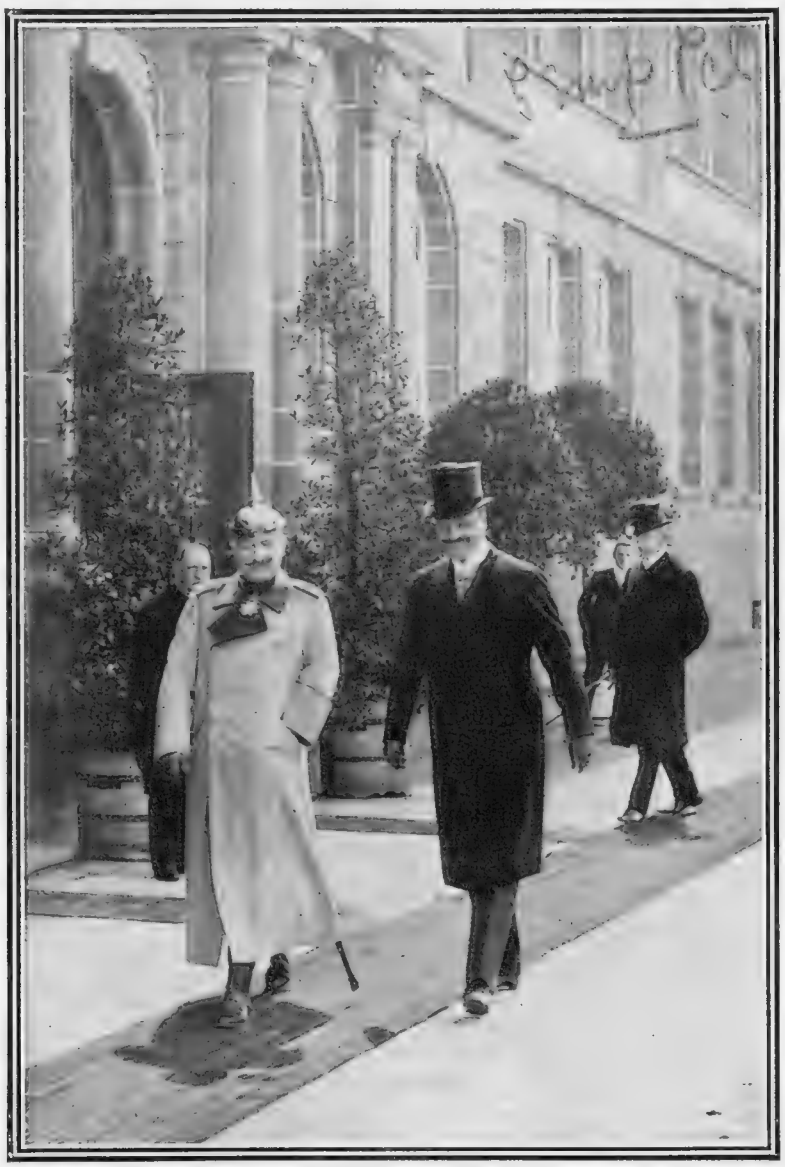
The season in the High Alps is fast waning. Already an exodus is in progress to the towns of the valleys, and in a few weeks the abomination of desolation will haunt deserted paths and barricaded hotels. Usually about the end of September comes the first fall of snow, a signal which drives away those devoted visitors who cling to the last



SWITZERLAND IN SEPTEMBER: HOLIDAY IN THE HEIGHTS

The Mountain Season

It is the "man of the mountains" who is making a fortune this season. The Kur over, everyone is impatient to stay as high as possible. So the hotel-managers are "making hay whilst the sun shines," and putting aside for the "rainy days" when humanity will be only too pleased to descend to the sea level again. And yet in the mountains we grumble about the heat! In spite of the snow-clad mountains in front of us, sparkling in the sun, we are only cool when we think of the burning heat 2,360ft. below. "Lovely Lucerne" is anything but lovely this month. One is glad to pass through it as quickly as possible, and as the little steamer pants across the lake of the four forest Cantons to one's destination, it is like passing through a furnace of fire.



The Emperor's Joke and the Secretary's Smile

The German Emperor, attended by his Secretary of State for the Colonies, Dr. Bochner, leaving the Colonial Office in Berlin. His Imperial Majesty's joke about the ubiquity of the photographers obviously had a delighted reception from his devoted councillor

The Plant Robbers

One of the great disadvantages of Switzerland, to my mind, is the lack of shade. The azure blue of the lake and the misty mountains around are not seen at their best unless you are looking at them from the shade of one of the few woods there are here. Trees in this part of the world are almost as sacred as they are in India. In India trees may be cut down with the permission of the Maharajah, here the person who takes up trees and Alpine flowers by the roots is liable to a very serious punishment. In some places, too, where young trees are growing, smoking is strictly forbidden. Still, if you look carefully, you will find tourists disregarding these cautions, especially about the uprooting of plants. With the assistance of wet rags and a camera-box it is really not difficult, and the pleasure of having an Alpine garden in New York City is doubled when one thinks of the risk there was to get it.

The Swiss Language

The population of Switzerland at present is American and German — these are the two languages spoken, and evidently Switzerland caters for these two nations. The menus, it is true, are in French, but the notices are printed in German, headed by the Stars and Stripes. If you go into a fancy shop it is as well to ask for a "waist" straight away; it saves time, for everyone understands what you mean. Even the famous cuckoo

PRESIDENT MANOEL FOLLOWS KING MANOEL: THE PUBLIC'S GREETING

Senhor Manoel Arriaga is seen leaving the Parliament House in Lisbon after his election as the first President of the Portuguese Republic. His election was generally popular, and his first greeting from the public most enthusiastic. One does not envy him his task, however

clocks are decorated with American flags as a compliment to their probable purchasers.

"Swings and Roundabouts"

The Swiss have been wise in studying the characteristics of the two nations with whom they have to deal principally, and they like them to imagine they are getting good value for their money. First of all, they provide travelling accommodation at a loss to themselves in order to bring tourists into the country who will spend money. For 50frs. you can get a second-class pass all over Switzerland, and second-class accommodation is excellent. I went to Lucerne the other day with a German couple who were determined to get the full value of their pass. They spent their day travelling round the lake and eating copious meals, for the lake air evidently gave them an appetite. Thus the Navigation Companies repay themselves!

The Camera Defied

Here in the mountains there are not many amusements. There is a tennis court attached to every hotel, a golf club at Axenfels half way down the mountain, and, alas! a piano which is used even more than the tennis court. Neapolitan minstrels sometimes find their way up into the mountains towards evening and "sing for their supper," but the tennis court is certainly the chief attraction after the piano. Sir Herbert Raphael, who was staying here, rendered his visit very agreeable to the inhabitants of the hotel by presenting to the winners of the tournament very handsome and valuable prizes. Photography is not profitable so high up the mountains. I have taken many snapshots, but they are not successful, the light all round being too clear. One needs, I am told, special plates to take the subjects distinctly, otherwise mountains, and lakes, and clouds are unrecognisable.

Deadly Stillness

The complaint from which most of the visitors here are suffering is nerves. The cure is to eat and drink and be merry and walk, if there is time. The view of the mountains and lake is supposed to have a soothing effect on tired nerves, but to me the deadly stillness is aggravatingly unnatural. It is like sitting at a coloured cinematograph show waiting for the panorama to pass on. And you wait and wait until, exasperated, you get up and go elsewhere. Fortunately there are people coming and going, for the scenery does not move. I have come to the conclusion that we are not so badly off, after all, with our changing climate in England. I would love to see a few sheets of lightning among the mountains, or a few ripples on the lake; it is too unearthly, it is not life.

Famous Rowing Clubs at Home

The above series, suspended for the present season, included illustrated articles on the following Clubs. Back numbers may be obtained from the Publisher.

Thames, May 24.	Hereford, July 19.
London, May 31.	Stratford-on-Avon, July 26.
Royal Chester, June 7.	Bristol Ariel, August 2.
Avon, June 14.	Nottingham, August 16.
Burton, July 12.	Clydesdale, August 23.

CHILD SUPPLICANTS AT LOURDES

From all parts of the world pilgrims are constantly flocking to Lourdes with their sick, where intercession is made for a cure. The supplicants are of all grades of life, and the scenes at the miraculous spring are moving to a degree, particularly when, as shown above, the sufferers are children. The spring is said to have sprung from the spot where the Blessed Virgin appeared to Bernadette Soubirous, a peasant girl, in 1858. A great basilica has been erected, and on a level with its crypt has been added the Church of the Rosary for the accommodation of pilgrims

THE BYSTANDER IN BERLIN

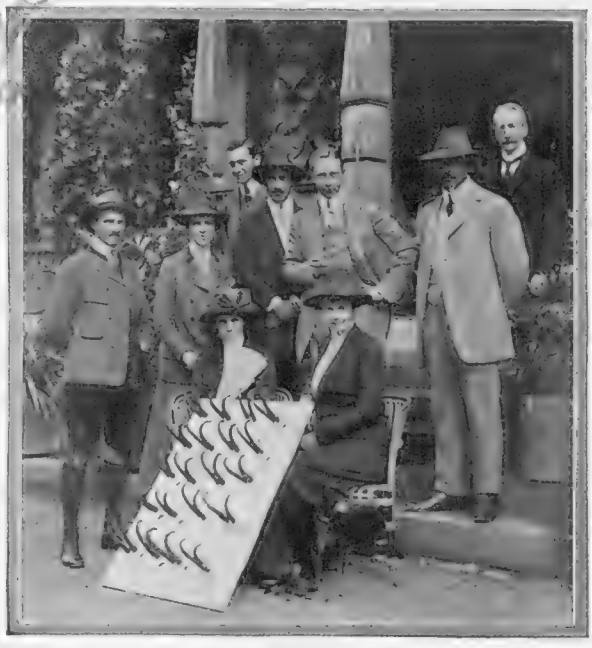
THE YANKEE AT THE COURT OF KAISER WILHELM

America Abroad

When sultry August sends lesser races to seaside and village, the American raids Berlin. He sports a starlike-stripey favour, stares from a rubber-neck coach, and wants to meet Kaiser Wilhelm. Just to shake his hand. When a tired Ambassador tells him that is impossible, his amazement knows no end. He would like to see Bill Taft refusing to give his fist. It would cost Bill the Republican vote of Emporium, Penn., in the 1912 election.

The Bone Millionaire

But Americans are indomitable, and Robinson J. Porter, bone-manure manufacturer, of Newark, N.J., is American to the bone. (Naturally the Berlin Bystander conceals his real name.) This stout, elderly, good-looking, artistic, clean-shaven gentleman arrived in Berlin in August, 1910; and brought with him an agreeable wife, who resembled him in being stout, elderly, good-looking, artistic, clean-shaven, and anxious to meet Kaiser Wilhelm. When the Robinson J. Porters learned that Kaiser Wilhelm was absent, they said they would return after making their automobile trip. Told it would be impossible to see Kaiser Wilhelm even then, as the twenty American presentations which he permitted a year were exhausted, they were astonished. "Without special credentials," said a disrespectful Embassy underling, "Berlin is out of the question; but you might be received at the Court of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen."



The German Crown Prince (centre) and Princess (beneath him, seated) in the Tyrol

As a change from the pursuit of Indian tigers, the heir to the Prussian throne is hunting chamois and mountain goats in the Tyrol. The antlers shown in the picture are evidence of his success

Success at Last!

Robinson J. Porter was angry, and asked why American citizens kept an Ambassador, and paid him a salary which nearly covered his house-rent, if he could not force a meeting with Kaiser Wilhelm. But Porter is a resolute man. With a Disraelian: "He will not see me now; but the day is nigh when he *shall* see me," he left Berlin. For six months he was lost. But in January, 1911, the handful of Americans who did secure invitations to Court were surprised to notice Robinson J. Porter and Mrs. Porter in the throng, and to see that Kaiser Wilhelm actually engaged them in conversation. The Robinson J. Porters (R. J. was in semi-diplomatic uniform) beamed with gratified ambition, and smiled triumphantly on other Americans whom Kaiser Wilhelm ignored. When they awoke next morning from courtly dreams, seventeen American Berliners, all also aspirants to Wilhelmian handshakes, were waiting in their sitting-room to ask how they'd done it.

The Way It Was Done

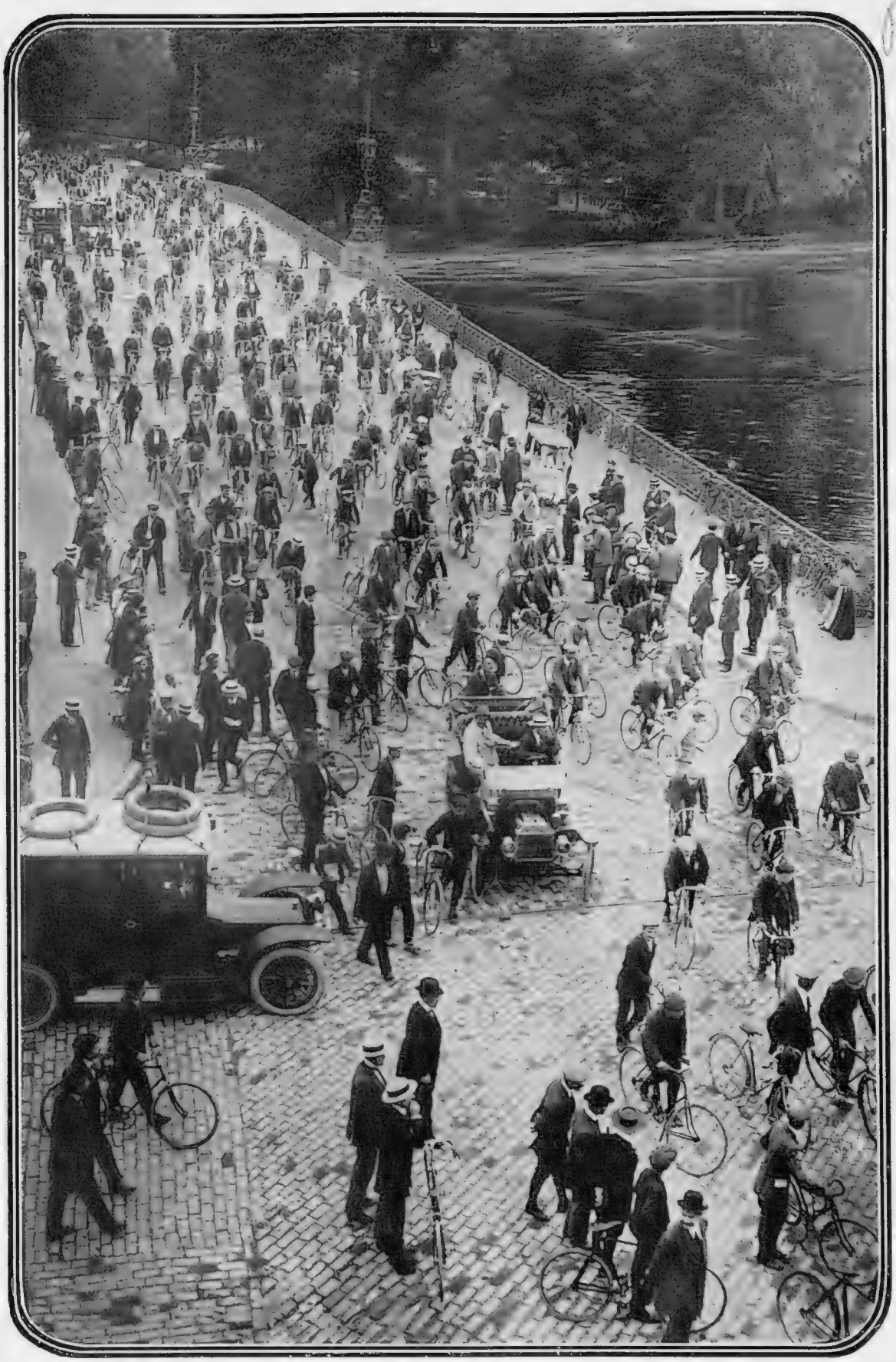
And Mrs. Robinson J. (ignoring a discreeter husband's monitory frowns) explained that during the whole autumn of 1910 they had been preparing a triumphal entry to Berlin Schloss. The Embassy underling had unconsciously given them a tip. They had made for Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, which, fourth-rate State as it is, boasts a Sovereign Prince and a Court, in theory equal to Berlin's. Sondershausen, less *blasé* than Berlin, regards rich Americans with proper awe. The local *Hof-und Kuchen-Zeitung* published lengthy paragraphs about Robinson J. ("a rival as art collector to Pierpont Morgan"); the pair were asked to lunch with the Prince; they lent seventy marks to an influential courtier; they entertained for six weeks; and when later they motored off to Karlsruhe, in Baden, they carried introductory letters guaranteeing a worthy reception. Now Karlsruhe is not, like Sondershausen, a fourth-rate German capital, but a third-rate one; and it represented the first stage upward in the Porters' apotheosis. The Grand Duke received them; he had heard, he said, of their brilliant success at Sondershausen; he introduced them to his relatives. The Porters took the first floor of the best hotel, and entertained for a month. When, after Robinson J. had danced with the Grand Duchess at a brilliant ball, he announced that they were starting for Dresden, he was overwhelmed with letters to Saxon Court officials, recommending "a wealthy and cultured American couple, whose interest in mediæval ecclesiastical art is equalled only by their knowledge."

The Road to Berlin

And now, behold, Robinson J. and his wife, who, had they gone to Dresden direct and unannounced, would have been snubbed as badly there as at Berlin, dining with King Friedrich August, and taking the King's Hofmarschal for automobile rides. Already, having left third-rate, not to mention fourth-rate, German Courts far behind, they are valued guests at a second-rate Court; and it needs only the consummating leap to blaze forth at Imperial Berlin. And with Saxon Counts and Barons all scribbling introductions for "our brilliant acquaintance, Robinson J. Porter," the leap was as good as made. Like Cortes, expelled by the Aztecs from Mexico, Robinson J., foiled in his first attempt to conquer Berlin, this time returned a victor.

France Awheel

TESTIMONY TO THE CYCLE'S CONTINUED POPULARITY



A striking photograph of the start of the Cycle Touring Club of France's run from Paris to Brest and back. Our photograph shows a general view of the competitors crossing the Pont de Suresnes

The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

"East is East"

Two out of the three really good books of which I speak this week concern the East. Now the East, of course, has provided startling material to any number of writers. You have Kipling and Mrs. Penny for India, and Hichens for Arabia, and quite a group of authors, mostly American, for Japan. But it is rather curious to note how seldom a book appears about China. True, I spoke of one two or three weeks ago, but *Mrs. Drummond's Vocation* had little enough to say of the country itself. Now, however, in Miss Edith Wherry's *The Red Lantern* (John Lane: 6*s.*), we are given at last a fine story of that dreadful Boxer movement of ten years ago, with a splendidly real presentment of modern Chinese life. Apparently, *The Red Lantern* is a first novel, but Miss Wherry, an American, knows how to write. I hear that the publisher considers her novel to be the finest story ever sent here from his house in New York; and this may well be so. The book is concerned with the history of one of those unfortunate beings called Eurasians. Mahlee, the daughter of a "foreign mandarin" and granddaughter of the horrible Madame Ling, is eternally torn between the call of East and West. She is beautiful—I have seen very beautiful half-casts in Australia—her eyes are a western blue, but she has yellow hands. As a child, brought up in a Chinese coffin-maker's house, she is willing to sacrifice her feet—those feet which the foreign mandarin had ordered should be spared—and, indeed, while her grandmother is dying, she seizes the knife; but she is rescued by a poor deaf-mute, and carried away. Peking, that "fantastic and incomprehensible old capital," is already seething. She is baptised and adopted by an American missionary. She is an earnest, humble worker, but deep down in her heart is the conviction that one day she is to be a *tai-tai*, or great lady. She has become conscious of her English blood, and falls in love with the Rev. Andrew Handel. The arrival, however, of Dr. Sam Wang, another Eurasian brings trouble. Dr. Wang is already a leader of the dread I Ho Chu'an, known to us as the Boxers, one of those fanatical patriots who would stop at nothing to banish for ever all foreigners from his country. He is never troubled by Western longings. He is ugly and raucous, and Mahlee hates and fears him, but Andrew Handel has seen that her hands are yellow, and she joins the Boxers. She becomes the Goddess of the Red Lantern Light, the reincarnation of Whar Mou Lahn, a Chinese Jeanne d'Arc, and is ushered into the presence of the terrible Dowager Empress. The Boxers rise up, and the American mission is scattered. Mahlee's Western blood, however, still calls. She discovers the identity of her father, and goes to him. Will he acknowledge her? If so, she will throw off the hateful I Ho Chu'an, and become a Western *tai-tai*. Sir Philip Sackville refuses, and the East becomes paramount. Mahlee returns to the Imperial Palace, whence the Empress and her nephew have fled. The army of the foreign legions has come to Peking. Sam Wang has been hacked to pieces. The sacred palace is invaded. Mahlee seats herself on the Imperial throne. "A *tai-tai*, a very great *tai-tai*," she murmurs, and raises a cup of poison to her lips. Here, then, is the book of modern China, powerful, vivid, curiously alluring.

Photograph *Underwood*

Mr. Upton Sinclair, who Declares Marriage Laws Obsolete

Divorce proceedings are pending in America between Mr. Upton Sinclair, advanced Socialist, and author of "The Jungle," and his wife. Being wedded to his art, she declares him impossible as a soul-mate. Furthermore, she asserts, his ascetic Hebraic code is quite opposed to her warm Greek temperament

"The Earthen Drum"

"The Eastern story-teller," we are told, "summons his audience by beating rhythmically upon an earthen drum," and *The Earthen Drum* (Mills and Boon: 6*s.*) is the appropriate title which Miss E. S. Stevens, the author of *The Veil*, gives to a collection of her short stories. Of these the first is disappointing. It may be permissible to write in a rather "precious" style when treating of the languid and mysterious East, but "Zohara of the Flutes" is a poor story. "The White Mouse," however, which immediately follows it, is so excellent that one's disappointment is speedily forgotten. Here is the Call of the Desert

A Version From Germany

OF THE EVER-POPULAR SUBJECT OF THE TEMPTATION OF ST. ANTHONY

The subject presents a most fascinating study of vice and virtue. The temptation has been variously represented. By woman, in rich raiment and costly jewels, who provided no temptation; by old men to whom temptation meant less than nothing; and by one resourceful artist who contrived to convey the whole atmosphere of temptation in a dainty shoe outside the Saint's cell. Prof. Koberstein has arrived at the correct treatment of the subject in the torture of a young monk, and in the languishing glances of the women. The picture achieved a great success at the Great International Art Exhibition at Berlin

with a vengeance. An Englishwoman, engaged to a curate at home, is fascinated by the son of a Marabout, whom she meets under curious circumstances. Something out of herself appears to be given all involuntarily to him. She fights against his influence, but meets him at night. He has two tame white mice, and the mice seem to express what this mysterious Sidi Zazour is taking from her. Finally she follows him into the desert. "The White Mouse" is a most eerie and frightening story, but one of the best of its kind I have ever read. If only for it, Miss Stevens's book is well worth reading. And there is a fine idea in "Mansour the Merchant." Mansour covets a ring belonging to an English doctor, who will not sell. Ultimately he obtains it, but he is dead before it is his, and it has become his in the most ghastly conceivable way. Another singularly original and pathetic story is "The Silly Young Cuckoo," wherein a young hen-bird is fatally attracted by the cuckoo-call of a lad calling to his love. Miss Stevens has a fine imagination, and understands these Easterns as few of her countrymen do. *The Earthen Drum* is entirely out of the ordinary.

The Magic of Time

Almost concurrently with the appearance of Monsignor Benson's picture of the future, comes Ford Madox Hueffer's vision of the far-distant past. In *Ladies Whose Bright Eyes* (Constable: 6*s*.) he takes an up-to-date publisher, William Sorrell, and transports him miraculously to the year 1326 by means of a railway accident near Salisbury. He has been given the custody of a sacred talisman (with a history), and in 1326 this talisman is being expected by the Lady Blanche de Coucy. Her husband at the time is away fighting in Scotland. Mr. Sorrell, in the guise of a learned slave, insufficiently clothed, finds himself in a castle which is singularly deficient in modern appliances, though there is the latest thing in baths from France. Now, I do not suppose that one person in a million knows anything about the domestic life of the fourteenth century, but Mr. Hueffer has delved out such facts as there are, and from them pieced together one of the most detailed pictures of the time that has ever been written. He shows us, and incidentally Mr. Sorrell, the uncouth manners and customs, the curious language, the rather startling ideas upon morality, and the fine pageantry of the period. And although at first Mr. Sorrell is minded to startle this far-distant world—he does, indeed, work miracles of a kind—with some such methods as he has been accustomed to employ, he gradually falls into the strange scheme of things of that time. Perhaps this follows on his falling in love with the Lady Dionissia de Egerton. (It was a Mrs. Lee-Egerton who had given the talisman into his keeping.) He interviews the worldly Dean of Salisbury with a view to arranging a divorce for the Lady Dionissia, and, gaining more than local fame, becomes the Knight of Winterburne. There has been, however, an inexplicable smell of chloroform, and now the knight wakes—to find himself separated from his love by some centuries. During his illness, he has succeeded to a baronetcy: he is really Sir William. And Mr. Hueffer arranges for the opportune appearance, in the guise of a nurse, of a descendant of the Lady Dionissia. Sir William purchases the Winterburne which had been given to him in his dream, marries his nurse, and so the book ends. It is impossible to estimate the care which Mr. Hueffer must have expended on his book, but it was well worth the doing.

RALPH STRAUS

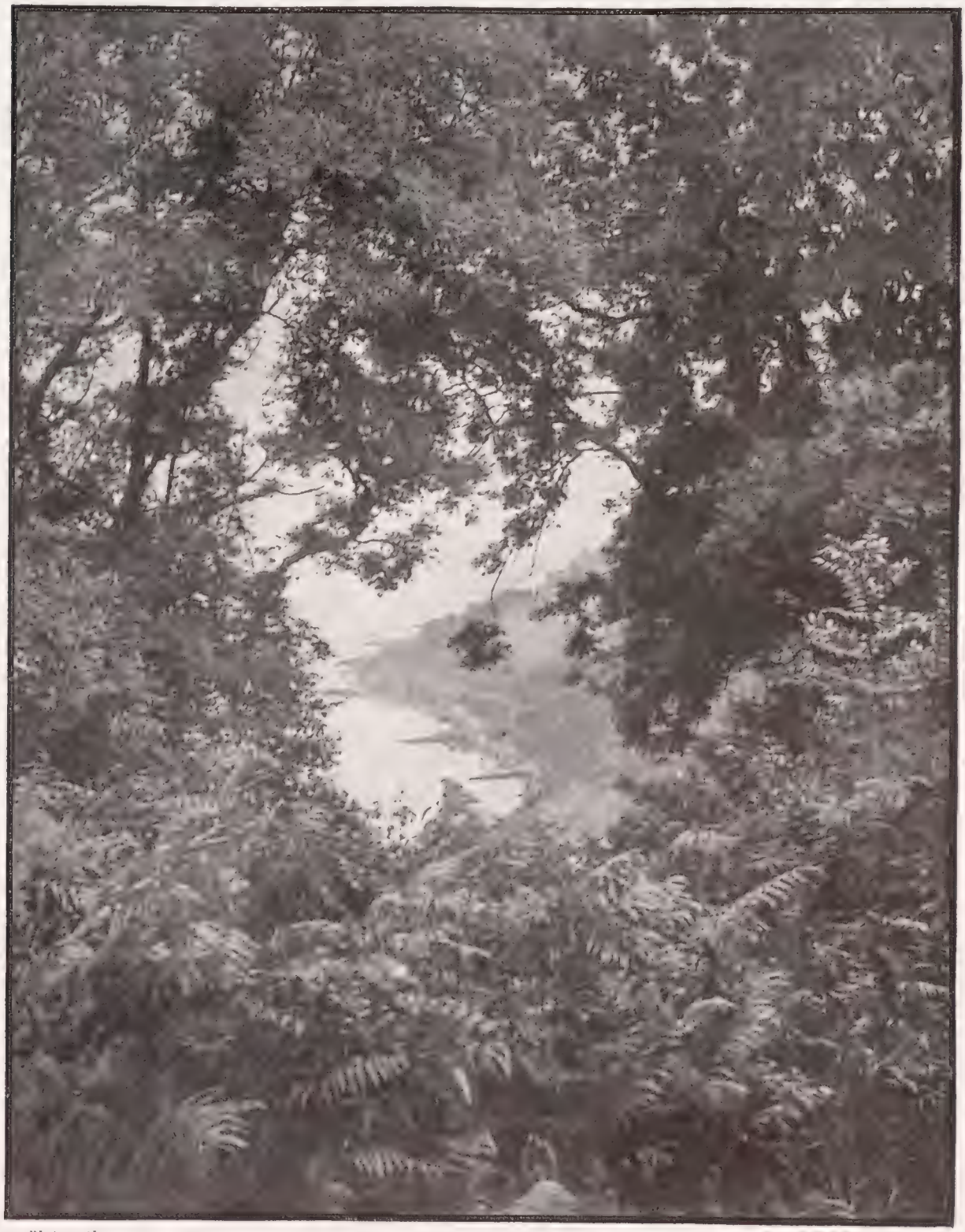
Photograph *Bristow-Noble*

THE LATEST FASHIONABLE HOBBY OF GOAT-KEEPING

One of the most fashionable hobbies among ladies at the present time is that of goat-keeping. Lady Dunleath, Lady Spicer, the Hon. Rose Hubbard, Lady Tennant, Lady Arthur Cecil, the Duchess of Hamilton, Lady Decies, the Hon. Iris Mitford, Mrs. Lionel Phillips, Mrs. Lubbock, and Miss Mortimer, of Holmwood, are a few among the many fashionable women in the United Kingdom who are enthusiasts of the fancy. The last-named is said to have the best herd, and our photograph shows her with some of her goats

AUTUMN CAMERA STUDIES

A SHEAF OF PICTURES OF BRITISH AND IRISH BEAUTY-SPOTS



Photograph *H. W. Nicholls*

CHINES AND CHERRIES AROUND LUCCOMBE BAY

For many centuries the Isle of Wight has been a favourite resort of those of us who want Riviera climate and cannot afford Riviera prices. The Romans started the cult, King Hal and Queen Bess set the fashion, and to-day the Isle of Wight is the most "visited" of all British beauty-spots. Chines and cherries, orchards and oleanders are its chief attractions

Fashioned by Wind and Tide:

Photograph

A NATURAL ARCH AT PERRAN PORTH

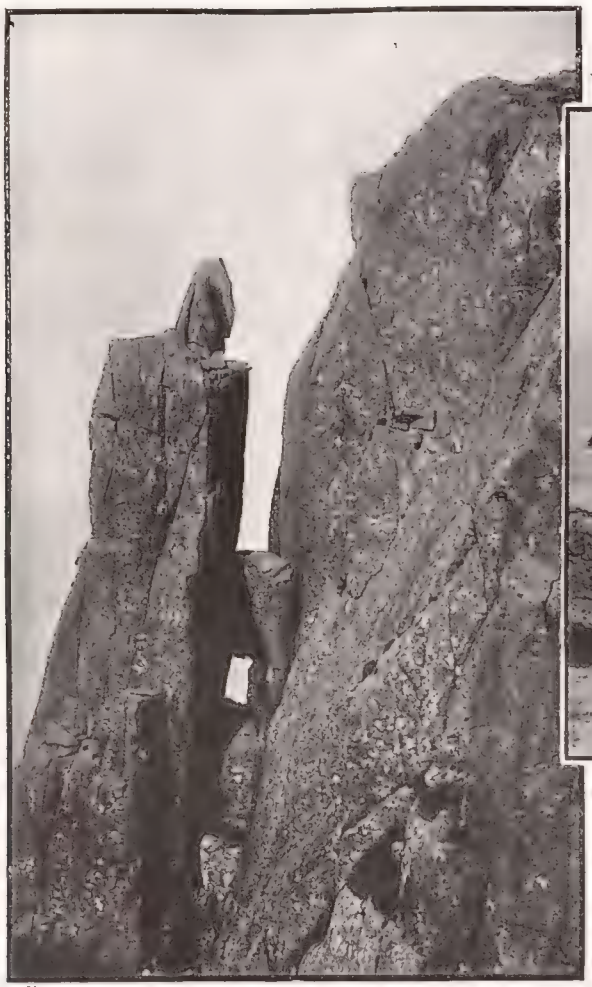
An Alluring Cornish Seascape

Ellis

ON THE NORTH COAST OF CORNWALL

Exploring Cave and Cavern

ANTRIM'S WILD COAST FOR THE CLIFF-CLIMBER



GREY MAN'S CLIFF, CO. ANTRIM

Nature is the most reprehensive of plagiarists, most of her works being reproduced many times over, "Grey Man's Cliff," in Antrim, is but another Pillar Rock, of which Cumberland possesses a round dozen. Practised climbers hold this cliff as the most difficult scramble along the coast

THE TOAD ROCK, FAIRHEAD

Few climbers have succeeded in scaling the Toad Rock, its narrow base and its overhanging sides rendering it no easy exploit. Perpendicular basaltic columns guard the coast at this point, culminating in the stupendous rocks at Giant's Causeway

Photographs *Shrubsole*

ONE OF THE SEVEN ARCHES

Caves which were once the haunt of smugglers and pirates are sown profusely under the cliffs of northern Ireland. The Seven Arches of Donegal, formed by the wind and tide, are well renowned in Erse legend

A POEM IN STONE

Another of the Seven Arches. The region is beloved of painters and artists. Extraordinary effects of light and shade are obtained in these old smuggler-haunted caverns

Salmon Streams and Trout Pools

IDYLLIC ANGLING RESORTS IN LITTLE-KNOWN NORTHERN IRELAND

THE FALL OF THE LEAF IN WILD TYRONE

Probably that paradoxical element in the Irishman's nature has made him name the Mourne, that river which provides some of the best fishing in Ireland, and which flows through the most contented and the happiest portion of the country

Photographs] THE OLD MILL POOL ON THE RIVER OILY *[Shrubsole*

The beauty-spot pictured above is to be found in Donegal, a county which is truly a fisherman's paradise, trout and roach, salmon and perch being everywhere in abundance. But, to the disgust of the would-be farmer, the soil is of bog and barren moor; and filling up the rest of the map of Donegal are equally impossible mountain peaks

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

STATESMEN so often get credit for imaginary virtues that it is quite pleasant to know for certain that Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter, the German Foreign Secretary, is as brave a man as the German papers make out. "He invariably eats after meals," says the Paris *Excelsior*, "from fifteen to twenty dried plums."

* * *

The *Daily Graphic* describes a snapshot of Herr Kiderlen-Waechter on French soil (at Chamonix) as "The Morocco Crisis: A Hopeful Sign." Hopeful, no doubt, from the standpoint of the Germans, who hope eventually to see many more of their countrymen on French soil.

* * *

"The Navy," declared the Kaiser last week, "represents the desire of the German people for salt water." It is a somewhat abstruse remark, but one feels safe in asserting that if the Kaiser liked to scrap his Navy, several nations would be quite willing to supply Germany with as much salt water as any country could want.

* * *

Several of our leading musical-comedy actresses are said to have expressed their willingness—in the event of "La Gioconda" not being recovered—to present the Louvre's authorities with a picture of a smile.

* * *

Should their offer prove inadequate, perhaps Mr. Roosevelt might be approached? "La Joconde"—as a portrait of him would, no doubt, come to be called—should console lovers of brightness for the loss of the older picture.

* * *

A French journalist, who wore a celluloid collar all the time, has just completed a tour of the world in forty days. Clothes experts declare that, as a feat of dreadful endurance, this is never likely to be surpassed.

* * *

Something, in view of its increasing popularity as a meeting-place, should be done to Trafalgar Square. I don't quite know what, but a decent rostrum should be set up, and there might be more benches. Also, the lions should not look so meek. They should be given a good scowl, or else tigers should be substituted.

* * *

Then the *mise-en-scène* for Mr. Ben Tillett and others would be completer. I like Mr. Ben Tillett's speeches. Dave George as "a puny imitation Tsar" (not to mention "murderer") and Bert Asquith as a kind of Mr. Hyde are humorous figures drawn by a master (strike-master) hand. Perhaps the lions could be made—by some mechanical apparatus—to roar applause on these occasions. "'Ear! 'Ear!" is such a mild response to elicit, when one has made a really picturesque oration.

* * *

But, of course, Mr. Tillett must beware not to go too far. Revolutions sometimes are revolutions, and what a painful scene it would be if some day Mr. Tillett, tightly bound to Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Lansbury, were driven off on a tumbril by a mob so highly emancipated that it considered these aforetime leaders as suspect of aristocratic leanings and obvious food for the guillotine.

THE MISSING MASTERPIECE: ONE WAY OF GETTING IT OUT OF THE COUNTRY

By E. A. Morrow

Obstacles to Matrimony

HAVE THEY VARIED WITH THE AGES?

SIR GYLES DE WOBLER FACES A DRAGON FOR THE SAKE OF HIS LADYE FAIRE

THE RE-INCARNATION OF THE SAME GENTLEMAN FACES A MODERN FURNITURE DEALER

BY E. A. MORROW

WHAT "RECOGNITION" MEANS

A RAILWAY JOURNEY IN THE DAYS OF TRADES UNIONS TRIUMPHANT

BY HILL ROWAN

I.—Proper Working Conditions

Passenger (*at booking-office*): First return to Bangor, please.

Booking Clerk (*resuming conversation with friend inside*): Then they put Woolley on to bowl; the ground was kicking something awful——

Passenger: First return to Bangor.

Clerk: Well, a rot set in; they couldn't do anything with his googlies——

Passenger (*wearily*): First return to Bangor.

Clerk: Eh? Don't *roar!*

Passenger: First return to Bangor.

Clerk: Third?

Passenger: First. (*Clerk grumbles, and strolls about the booking office looking casually for ticket.*)

Clerk (*flinging it at him through the opening with an expression of contempt and disgust*): Who's Bangor—*you?* Now then—next!

Passenger: I say, this is a single. I wanted a return!

Clerk: Then why didn't you say so—haven't you got a mouth? Wasting a man's time like this! (*Interested crowd gathers round outside. Clerk flings return ticket through the window.*)

Passenger: I say, they've raised the fare, haven't they?

Clerk (*furious*): Raised the—(*snorts*)—of course they have! Where else am I to get my three hundred a year from? Come, get a move on it!

Passenger (*lingering timidly*): Yes. But my change?

Clerk: Oh, here! (*Flings it out.*) *Now,* will *that* do? (*Exit passenger.*)

A Voice: Third to Chester.

Clerk: He took three wickets for ten runs. The ground was crumbling, I expect. . . .

II.—Self-Respect for the Toiler

Passenger (*on platform*): Carry this bag for me, can you?

Porter (*nettled by this familiar form of address*): H'm! It's doocid heavy, old chap! What wilds do *you* come from?

Passenger: But, look here, my train's going, I think. Isn't the express for Chester starting?

Porter: Chester? (*Hums.*) Goodness knows. Look at the notice-board.

Passenger: Yes, but the times are all wrong on that!

Porter: Man's away at his afternoon tea, I expect—daren't touch the board till the hour's up! If he did, two million railwaymen would drop their tools like a shot! That's what organisation does!

Passenger (*feebly*): Yes, it *does* stimulate trade!

Porter (*puffing*): 'Ere, this bag *is* a lift! (*Stops, puts down bag suddenly and eyes passenger.*) I say, what about tips?

Passenger (*deferentially*): Well, I thought about half a crown——

Porter: Half a crown! And how am I to subscribe to the golf club and keep up a trap? You'd better get one of the directors to carry it for you—I'm busy.

Passenger: It's all right—I'll make it five shillings. I won't buy my little girl that present, that's all. (*Sighs.*) It was her birthday, too!

Porter (*tries bag again, then drops it*): No, I can't, really! The doctor *told* me not to carry weights.

Passenger: I'd help you, I'm sure, only I'm carrying the hatbox and the trunk and the magic-lantern. My wife carried that bag quite easily this morning.

Porter (*severely*): What your blessed wife may carry and what a committeeman of the Amalgamated Society of Bag-Smashers may carry are totally different things—totally!

Passenger (*pleading*): I'm twice your age, and been so beastly ill! Do try! (*They struggle on a few paces.*)

Porter (*banging bag down suddenly*): Time!

Passenger: Time?

Porter: Twelve o'clock! It's just struck. Must stop here—not allowed to work overtime—two million fellows would drop their tools if I did! (*Extends hand.*) I'll collect that five shillings!

III.—Equality and Fraternity

Ticket-Collector (*on board the train, in genial, patronising tone, to old gentleman*): Feet off the cushions, old man—you'll *ruin* the seats!

Passenger: Does this train stop at Crewe, sir?

Collector: H'm! Sometimes it does, sometimes it doesn't. Depends on the driver.

Passenger: But I've an urgent engagement there.

Collector (*indulgently, for he is a man at bottom and broad-minded*): Let me see—on Thursdays it does. The guard attends a committee-meeting at Crewe. (*Passengers murmur.*)

Passenger: Yes, but I want to know——

Collector: Now then—*tickets!* Come, don't keep me waiting—I've got to get away to lunch. (*Passengers scramble for tickets.*)

Old Lady: And the London and North Western used to be such a smart line.

Collector: *Don't* keep your blessed knees jammed together. This place is like a sheep pen!

Passenger (*struggling with his pockets*): I've got the ticket somewhere—at least, I *had*——

Collector (*roars*): *Tickets!*

Passenger: I was carrying the bag for the porter—that's why I had to put the ticket away.

Collector: Now, if you can't find your ticket I'll only have to stop the train altogether. You've no idea of discipline!

Passengers (*in chorus*): It's all right, sir—*we'll* pay his fare!

Collector (*with good humour restored*): *That's* right! There need be no squabbling if you're only smart and respectful. You'll find we're not such terrible people after all, if we just pull together and think of each other a little. Any chap got a match? Thanks, thanks!

Played, Warwickshire! The New Cricket Champions

Photograph *Sport and General*

BACK ROW (*left to right*): Charlesworth, Baker, (———), Field, Parsons, Santall, Smith

SEATED: Quaife F. G. Stephens, F. R. Foster, J. W. Stephens, H. C. Hands

For the first time in the history of county cricket Warwickshire has won the Championship. The team has won "cleverly," as the racing reporters say, stolen up on the post while one or two stronger sides were napping; but, nevertheless, every good cricketer is delighted at its success, the value of which to the game cannot be over-estimated. The hero of the side was undoubtedly the young captain, Frank Foster, who, by the way, will play for England in Australia in the winter. The great triumph won by the county is practically entirely due to his dashing leadership and brilliant play

More German Jottings

(Jotted by "Jingle" and Illustrated by Norman Morrow)

GERMANY is a great country. In a German railway train you may smoke twopenny cigars without the risk of being regarded as a person of habitually immoral life. When a man smokes a twopenny cigar of the kind sold in England he is very properly regarded as being capable of all the other crimes in the calendar; but the cheap German cigar is a relatively superior article, and is frequently smoked by people against whom nothing whatever is known by the police. Another point on which Germany is ahead of us is in respect of the time of day, her clocks being the best part of an hour in advance of our own. When you cross the German frontier you give up an hour of your life on the understanding that it will be returned to you in good going order on the homeward journey. This little fact seemed to me "significant of much," as the late Thomas Carlyle used to say in his genial manner. It might even be held to account for the remarkable progress in the way of national organisation that meets the eye at every point of a journey through the Fatherland. The sections of the country work together like the parts of a great machine. Every man seems to have his work to do, and to be doing it with the precision of a trained soldier. The Kaiser is certainly bringing up his children very well.

Ornaments of Nuremberg: By Norman Morrow

I think the scenery on the Rhine has been spoiled to a large extent by the disastrous progress of the picture postcard industry. The old castles, each on the top of its respective mountain, have very little to interest you beyond the suggestion that the photographer who was there before you seems to have done his work very well. The men who built those castles evidently did not intend to take any chances with their next-door neighbours. History is silent on the question as to how the lordly owner of such a castle managed to get home after a late night in town; and I think the omission is regrettable, as it would have furnished rather exciting reading. The most interesting feature of the banks of the Rhine, to my mind, is the long procession of growing vines from which the famous wine of the country is made. These vines seem to be growing without any soil at all. One would say that a few flakes had been chipped from the rocks here and there to make a forcing-bed for the young plant; and on that solid but not very promising foundation the vine grows vigorously. It looks almost as if the wine-growers of the Rhine could succeed in performing the traditionally impossible feat of gathering grapes from thorns! Once, when I lived in London, I had a garden. It was, naturally, a small garden, because, as everyone knows, London is not a very great agricultural district. When I started spadework in my garden I found the soil to consist mostly of broken ballast and empty sardine-tins; and I foolishly abandoned the idea of growing anything in a garden of that kind. If I had known then what I know now, I might have cultivated each year quite a phenomenal crop of grapes for Rheinwein. A vine that will take root on a broken piece of brick will surely grow anywhere.

It seems ungrateful to say so, but I have come to the conclusion that the greatest hindrance to modern travel is the railway train. The only proper way to travel is afoot, as Herodotus is said to have done—which probably accounts for the fact that the Father of History never seems to have missed anything that was going on. You cannot say you have travelled because you have been through the heart of Europe in an express train. In Germany we dashed along the valleys at the foot of the great hills and saw nothing but an eternal procession of forests, broken here and

NORMAN MORROW IN GERMANY

Nuremberg is the quaintest and most interesting town in Germany on account of its wealth of mediæval architecture. Mr. Norman Morrow presents above some of its attractions other than the purely architectural

there by minutely cultivated fields and plains. And all the while we were passing within a few miles of peoples with hopes and fears and longings like ourselves—peoples that have helped in many cases to make very red history indeed. But of them we saw nothing. Our little world was the railway train, and we and our unchanging fellow-travellers its inhabitants, all the way from Cologne to Nuremburg. Frankfort, from whence Charlemagne led his valiant Franks across the Main to crush the Saxons, and where (a few years later, it is true!) Bismarck with a stroke of the pen ended the Franco-Prussian War, was nothing more to us than a railway station at which we had to change carriages. Würzburg, with all its architectural wonders and its sweet and charming history of witch-burnings and tortured heretics, remains in my mind only as the wayside station at which we dropped our most genial fellow-passenger. This is not travelling at all, and I put the blame entirely on the inventor of the railway train.

For the first two days of our journey we lived almost entirely in the train. I had taken as much care as possible to avoid the British-tourist route because I desired our atmosphere to be as German as possible. Being in Germany I wanted to see as much of the German people as I could. Like my friend, the late Mr. Socrates, trees and fields can teach me very little; but I can learn much from men. My knowledge of the German language is nothing to boast about; but it suffices for everyday wear, and on the slightest provocation I flung it out with a fine and reckless prodigality. My German fails to partake of the country from which I got it in that it is not disciplined. Just as I am in the middle of a most interesting phrase the word that should come at the end forces itself ill-manneredly into the middle of the sentence, and spoils a fine flow of rhetoric. On one occasion I got inadvertently involved in a political discussion as to the wisdom of the dismissal of the late Prince Bismarck by the present Kaiser. Now and again my opponent spoke so loudly and so quickly that I had only a very faint idea indeed of what he was saying; and when he looked to me for my view of the matter I hardly knew whether to say "Ja" or "Nein." However, on leaving the train at one of the stations he shook me warmly by the hand and said he was very pleased that he had been able to convert me to his point of view. So it looks as if I must have made some very happy shots in the dark. The burden of most of the German comments that reached me was the studied ignorance of the average Englishman in the matter of foreign languages. One gentleman put the matter in a nutshell by saying that the Englishman sets the man who can speak two or three languages on the level of the hotel *courier*. Germans usually speak at least three languages.

But here we are at Nuremburg. If you were to shut your eyes to the German words about you it would be hard to distinguish the station from Clapham Junction. And we have been travelling for thirteen hours at express speed in the hope of seeing something strikingly new at the end of the journey! JINGLE

Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

FRAULEIN KONSTANTIN AS SIGISMUNDA, BROODING OVER HER LOVER'S FATE

"Sumurûn" without Fraulein Konstantin would be a tragedy without tears, for the delightful elusive caprice of her manner, and her equally vivid distraction and despair, lend a mystery and a grim tragedy to the play that it would not otherwise possess. Fraulein Konstantin, who plays the beautiful slave in "Sumurûn" at the Coliseum, is an actress to the tips of her expressive fingers

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

Le Loup

BY BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL

THE season was at its apex in Dinard—the most crowded season on record, and the little Breton plage, tucked cosily in between its cliffs, seemed transformed into a miniature Monte Carlo.

At the Royal and the Crystal, people were turned away daily, and every hotel was filled to overflowing.

Mr. Steven Brine, having written ahead to reserve a room, was at white heat when he found it had been handed over to a chance comer who had offered a higher price, and the manager, after a stormy interview promised to find him *un petit coin* somewhere by midday.

He had a knack of getting his own way, by fair means or foul, this Steven Brine, and had thriven on it until lately, when, one after another, his schemes of life had failed.

There was a famine of fools—or else his predatory instincts were beginning to make themselves too apparent through the sheep's clothing of a handsome, sharp-featured face, a well-tailored, long-limbed form, and a presence that commanded attention, albeit there was a fugitive touch of something crafty and unpleasant about it.

So, as the return-ticket to Dinard was cheap, and there was big financial game to be bagged there by a skilful hunter, Brine took the boat across, with a renewed trust in Providence to pay his hotel bill.

As he lounged on the sands amongst the bathers, he saw no one personally known to him or likely to be of use.

Handsome women, both English and French, were in abundance; costly dresses were almost universal, and the prevailing note everywhere was one of extravagance. It seemed to be a feature of this particular year.

He was walking on, to the Tennis Club, when a four-in-hand passed him, driven by a young Frenchman; the drag, an enlarged four-wheeled dog-cart, with a scratch team, and a groom in scarlet livery, who was an artist on the horn!

Brine, looking after it with a smile, caught a glimpse of a woman's face, laughing under a wide-brimmed hat, and felt a cell of memory open and shut.

He tried to capture the elusive key in vain, with a vexed feeling that he was losing a chance, for young Frenchmen who drive coaches and cultivate *le sport* as amateurs have an amiable weakness for English sportsmen—and Brine fancied himself in this rôle.

Having drawn a blank on the tennis courts, he returned to the Casino, and lost a louis at La Boule in the short *séance* that precedes luncheon.

At *déjeuner* still no luck! Everyone seemed to know everyone else, and all were too busy amusing themselves to bother with strangers.

"I've come a bit late," soliloquised Brine; "it may be difficult to chip in, now that everything is in full swing."

He loitered discontentedly towards Lamoureux's tea-shop, feeling at a loose end, but as he passed it he spied the face under the rose-crowned hat again, and in a flash he knew her.

It was Mrs. Adeane—Clytie Adeane—the one woman above all others who should have stood out in his remembrance, because she was the only one who had repulsed him successfully.

She was sitting in the garden, sipping chocolate, surrounded by friends, and he was able to enter by the shop and take a seat inside, where he could watch her unseen.

She used to be rather sweet and demure-looking, with a fascination that survived the depressing influence of life with an unbearable husband.

Jove! what a rotter Adeane was. Even Brine had a contempt for him, and thanked God that he was not as this man—a sinner!

The details of their last evening together came to him as he sat there. Adeane had been in one of his whiskey-driven moods, and had insulted his wife—a favourite amusement with him—before going off and leaving her *tête-à-tête* with Brine, to whom he well knew she had a rooted objection.

Brine took the opportunity to offer her a little cheap sympathy.

"Why do you put up with it?" he remembered saying. "Let him go his way, and you go yours." And he had added, while he put his arm round her and stooped to kiss her, "Why shouldn't your way be mine? I'm awfully fond of you, Clytie."

She turned and struck him full in the face. "How dare you!" she said indignantly. He could still feel the tingle that her fingers had left, and the smart of her scorn. For she knew, and he knew, that he had taken a mean advantage of a temptation put in his way; and that she despised him unutterably for it.

"I suppose Adeane has come in for those 'expectations' of his at last," Brine ruminated, noting the perfection of her dress and the general transformation of her appearance. "Wait a moment, though; what did I hear about them the other day? Of course—it was a judicial separation, with a substantial allowance for her! I've got the dossier complete now, Mrs. Adeane, and I think you may be useful."

A new man had joined the group now, and, after a moment, her friends took their departure. The new man, young and prosperous-looking, sat down next to her, and, under cover of the table, took her hand and held it for a few moments.

Clytie's face was radiant with happiness. As they talked, Brine realised the air of proprietorship between them and drew conclusions.

After all, his luck was not out, and a campaign had begun; but he would go slow, he decided, and avoid mistakes.

When they left, he sauntered after them, saw them take a fly, and heard the direction they gave.

(All rights strictly reserved)

"That's all right," he said. "If we don't meet at the Casino, I shall know where to find you, my lady. You and I have a little account to square, carried over from last settling day. The balance was on your side then; it's going to be on mine now, I think."

He strolled into the Baccarat Room, where he began to play, but his luck was out, and he ran himself down to a few francs. It made him savage, and his thoughts recurred to Mrs. Adeane.

"To-night or to-morrow you and I must have a little chat," he mentally decided.

A huge board outside the Casino announced a Redoute for that evening, when everyone must appear in a fancy garment of either red or green, or both. A footnote contained the significant words, "*Le loup est interdit.*"

"Rotten!" commented Brine. "A mask would have given me my best chance. I wonder if I could risk her not recognising me?"

He took a ticket for the Redoute, hired a dress of the prescribed description, and a Pierrot cap with it, and, as he donned them later, found his good humour restored. They were more or less of a disguise, and he felt he would approach a friend who had not seen him for three years without much fear of instant recognition.

But Fate tricked him again. When he reached the Casino he discovered he had left his ticket behind, and the man at the door refused him entrance.

His appeal to the lady at the receipt of custom was unavailing.

"But I bought one this afternoon," he expostulated. "I can bring it to you in the morning, and, meanwhile, I can inscribe my name and address."

"Impossible, Monsieur! No ticket, no *entrée*."

There is only one person in the world more arbitrary than a French fonctionnaire, and that is his feminine representative.

The lady was stubborn. Brine had not sufficient money to pay for a second ticket. It was an *impasse*.

"I shall have to go all the way back to my hotel," he protested.

The lady shrugged her shoulders. It was nothing to her. She was not paid to be civil—merely to sell tickets.

But from the crush of people standing round, a sympathetic voice interposed. "If Monsieur will permit, here is a ticket which I do not require. It may be of use to him for the moment."

It was Clytie herself. She had recognised the voice vaguely as one not unfamiliar to her, and that of a countryman, and had quietly bought a second ticket with her own. She pushed it towards him on the counter and passed on while he was saying—in French—"A thousand thanks, madame. You are very amiable."

So like her, he thought, as he followed her in. She was always a quixotic little person. If Adeane had been there, he would have been furious with her, and one of their usual rows would have ensued.

The Redoute was in mid-progress, and it was some time before Brine had any chance of speaking to Clytie. She had many friends, and she was dancing very often with the man who was obviously the greatest of them.

At last, as they sat at one of the far tables on the balcony, Brine, standing near, heard her say: "Go in and try your new system, Horace. I want to know how it works. I'll stay here till you come back."

The man was reluctant to leave her, but, after a little discussion, agreed.

As he disappeared, Brine moved quietly to a seat close by.

"I should scarcely have known you, Mrs. Adeane," he began.

She started and looked closely at him.

"I'm sorry I do not recognise you," she answered, with composure, and rose to go.

The fact was his voice had betrayed him. Her vague recollection of it at the box-office as that of a possible friend had become definite now that she saw his face.

"How absurd of me!" she was saying to herself. "The idea of my giving Steven Brine a ticket to come in—the man whom I used to detest!"

But he rose too, and barred her way.

"There is something I must say to you, and I am quite sure you would rather I said it quietly to you here. It is about your husband."

She went a little pale, and a troubled expression came into her eyes.

"Nothing concerning my husband can matter very much to me now," she said; but she sat down again, and he took the chair beside hers. "Perhaps you are not aware that——"

He interrupted her suavely.

"I know all about it," he said, "and I see that if he was still with you his presence would be very inconvenient."

She looked at him haughtily. "I do not care to discuss either his affairs or mine with you, Mr. Brine," she said. "Your acquaintance with them is a thing of the past. You take an unwarrantable liberty in speaking to me at all."

Again she would have risen and left him, but he said roughly: "Stop! I must speak plainly to you, I see. I've gathered a certain little piece of information about you since I came here. I am willing to keep it to myself—for a consideration. It is important to you, no doubt, that Adeane should not be made aware of it."

She gave a little start and an involuntary exclamation. Brine congratulated himself on having got past her armour of defensive pride at last.

"Your allowance has certain contingencies attached to it," he went on. "Well, candidly, I am on the rocks. It is *la basse marée* with me, and I must get immediate help somewhere. I have literally only six francs left. Who should come to my rescue with a small temporary loan but the wife of my old friend, Adeane?"

"You want to be paid for your silence?" she asked, contemptuously.

"An ugly way of putting it," he said. "I don't admit that you are right. I merely say that I am hard up—that I rejoice to see you happy and prosperous—and that, for the sake of auld lang syne, I should be glad of a few louis to-night, and a further loan during the next few days."

She was silent for a moment, thinking.

"You were my husband's evil genius, I believe," she said then. "You encouraged him in all his faults; you pretended to sympathise with him; and, under the mask of friendship, you paid your insolent addresses to me."

(Continued on page 508)

Chas FRODSHAM & Co Ltd

(Watchmakers by Appt to HM the KING)

115, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

ENGLISH WRISTLET WATCHES.

An 18-carat Gold Keyless English Lever Watch with pigskin (or any leather) wristlet and gold buckle .. Price	£12	12 0
In 9-carat Gold .. .. ,,	£9	9 0
An 18-carat Gold Watch with 18-carat gold flexible expansion bracelet (both watch and bracelet of English make) .. .. Price	£21	0 0
A similar 18-carat Gold Watch with 15-carat gold flexible expansion bracelet (English throughout) .. Price	£18	18 0
Gold Swiss Watches with leather wristlet straps .. from	£5	10 0
Gold Swiss Watches with gold flexible expansion bracelets ,,	£8	8 0

Bracelet Watches set with diamonds, pearls, etc., always in stock

FRODSHAM SPEEDOMETERS
AT 17, DERING ST., NEW BOND ST., W.

Mellin's Food for Dyspeptics

The evil of Dyspepsia is best remedied by resort to a diet which is sufficiently easy of digestion to provide suitable rest and consequent restoration of tone to the entire assimilative functions. Mellin's Food yields such a diet, and its results are both prompt and gratifying. Mixed, as it should be, with fresh cow's milk, Mellin's Food can be digested and assimilated even when all other forms of nourishment are rejected. Mellin's Food is entirely free from starch, and can be instantly prepared without cooking.

FREE A selection of dainty and nourishing dishes with Mellin's Food as basis has been printed under the title of "**DAINTY DIET**" in Book form for free distribution—and a copy, together with a free sample of Mellin's Food, will gladly be sent to any enquirer.

Mellin's Food

Address, Mellin's Food, Ltd. (Dept. A.), Peckham, London, S.E.

EAU DE JEUNESSE

JANE HADING

The famous Face Lotion to which **Jane Hading** owes her Youth and Beauty.

The Bottle, 8/6 post free

from the General Depot:

38, Rue du Mont-Thabor, PARIS.

The Ceres Reminder

10/6

SAVES THAT ACCUMULATION OF PAPERS ON YOUR DESK!

SUPERSEDES CLIPS OR BASKETS.

Write for particulars, also of many other Filing Devices, to—

Ceres, Ltd., 84, Mount St., Park Lane, W.

Bring your Filing Troubles to us and we will solve them!

PRIVATE REPRODUCTIONS OF

OLD ENGLISH CHINTZES

Faithfully copied by Mr. Phillips from old examples in his possession.

A wonderful collection of the rarest types of the 17th and 18th centuries is to be seen at Hitchin.

1,600 PATTERNS TO SELECT FROM.

Samples forwarded on application

F. W. PHILLIPS,
The Manor House,
HITCHIN.

(Continued from page 506)

Her words came with clear and cutting emphasis. She had gained dignity, as well as beauty, since the night when she turned on him with a blow like a passionate child, and her disdain made him wince even more than it did then.

She paused, and then resumed more gently: "I have no money to give you. It would be quite useless your persecuting me for it. I appeal to your better nature to leave me alone."

"I wish I could afford it," he answered, drily.

"You persist, then? You understand that I am poor. My husband's debts swamped most of his money when it came to him. I should have to borrow some myself in order to lend it to you."

"You won't find it very difficult," he said. "Poverty is a relative term. I am practically penniless."

"Very well," she said, desperately, "I suppose you must have your own way. Will you meet me here in —say—half an hour's time?"

"Charmed!"

He rose and bowed. She walked away to the *salle de jeux*.

Brine ordered a brandy and Schweppe, and sat smoking a cigarette until the half-hour had elapsed.

It occurred to him once that her sudden acceptance of the situation had been a little suspicious, and he wondered whether she meant to make a bolt of it. But, after all, there would be no object gained.

If she wished Adeane to remain in ignorance as to her mode of life, she would see at once that there was no other means of security but to make a bargain with Brine.

Then he began to feel a little uneasy at her delay in returning. He rose and walked towards the wider terrace where he commanded a view of the rooms, as well as of the tables outside.

It was a motley sight. The brilliant lights of the *salle* fell on a crowd of people garbed in vivid green and red satin, with fantastic head-dresses of every description. Most of the women wore their fancy robes as dominos, which fell apart in front to disclose exquisite evening dresses and the glitter of jewels on white necks. The croupiers were calling out their monotonous chant, ending with its "*Rien ne va plus*," and round the tables a surging mass of people flung francs towards the omnivorous rake, and paid their toll to the great god, Chance.

Outside was the contrast of the beautiful, quiet bay, where the incoming tide was creeping quietly up, the wave-crests gleaming pale in the moonlight.

Brine turned and retraced his steps.

Mrs. Adeane was already at the table, and with her the man she had called "Horace." They had approached it by the ballroom, and were waiting for him.

For a second, Brine hesitated; the man's presence was disconcerting. But retreat meant defeat; to go on might possibly imply a better deal.

Desperation makes even wolves courageous. He lifted his cap as he joined them; the man merely looking him straight in the face, without response.

"This," said Mrs. Adeane, quietly, "is Sir Horace Willmer. He will speak for me."

"Mrs. Adeane has just told me of your conversation with her to-night," said Sir Horace, the tone of his voice implying all that his words left unsaid, "and has asked me to treat with you. She naturally does not wish her name to be associated with yours in any way."

Brine smiled, reassured.

"It is hardly a question of her name being associated with mine," he interposed, with emphasis.

"You are prepared to hold your tongue on certain conditions, I understand," went on Sir Horace. "Kindly state them."

"I am prepared to do anything that is agreeable to Mrs. Adeane at any time," amended Brine, "and, as one good turn deserves another and we are old friends, I mentioned to her that I was a little short at the moment, and should be obliged for a small loan—quite a temporary one, of course."

"Of course," echoed Sir Horace. "But, unluckily, Mrs. Adeane is not in a position to spare any money just now. In that case, do you withdraw your request?"

Brine was silent. He began to see an unpleasing glimmer of light.

"I withdraw my request," he repeated, slowly, at last, watching the man's face.

"And Mrs. Adeane may count on your silence with regard to any circumstance in her present that might affect her future welfare?"

Brine was cornered. What on earth was the man driving at?

"Mrs. Adeane and I are both free agents," he replied guardedly; "there is no obligation on either side."

"Which means that if you do not borrow from her, you must do so from someone else."

"Precisely. Necessity knows no law."

"And if I also am unwilling to become your creditor?"

"I must look out for someone else who is willing."

"Meaning Mr. Adeane?"

Brine made no answer.

"Supposing," resumed Sir Horace, "that I lent you fifty louis. Would you hold your tongue?"

Brine reflected, and decided that Willmer had only been testing him with a view to keeping his price down.

"Yes," he answered briefly.

"Ah! Now we've got at it at last," said Sir Horace; "there remain only two words to be said—clear out!"

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. Adeane died a year ago. This lady is my future wife. I should have preferred to deal with you out of her presence, but she wished me to give you every chance, and to make sure that you were —what you are. Well, there's no room for you in Dinard—you understand."

There was a significant pause, and then Clytie slipped her hand into Sir Horace's arm. "Let us go," she said, and they walked away together.

An hour later, as Brine crossed in the little *vedette* to St. Malo, where the boat for Southampton was due to start at midnight, he saw in his mind's eye the flare of light from the High-life Casino, the crowds of merry-makers, and Clytie's pale, lovely face as she gave him his last chance. "I appeal to your better nature."

And across the moonlit sky, a sentence seemed to stand out in red and green letters: "*Le loup est interdit.*"

BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL

COPYRIGHT.

This is the only Witchcraft I have used!

Prettier than a Picture

A perfectly pretty woman is prettier than any picture that an artist can paint. Nature always excels art. But many a woman forgets this, and as soon as she begins to have fears about her skin and complexion, flies to art instead of to nature, and so makes matters worse. The natural way of overcoming complexion difficulties is to use PEARS' SOAP, which acts upon the skin like a restorative balm. Common, impure soaps prevent the natural action of the skin; PEARS ensures it.

PEARS is the soap that beautifies by natural means, keeping the complexion permanently soft and fair.

For
STYLE, NEATNESS, and COMFORT
Wear the
BOSTON GARTER

which lies flat to the leg, never slips, tears, nor becomes unfastened.

Velvet Grip REGD RUBBER BUTTONS.
The name is stamped on every loop. Be sure it's there.

COTTON (plain, check or stripe), 1/- pair.
SILK (plain elastic) .. .. .. 2/- pair.
By post, 1d. per pair extra.

Look for the guarantee label attached to each pair.

L. & R. WOODERSON, Hosiers,
123 & 124, CHEAPSIDE (*Under the Tree*).

PURE DRINKING WATER

is a necessity in every house.

A "BERKEFELD" FILTER at a small cost will give you pure and germ-free water. Think of your children's health.

Write for Catalogue "C" to
THE BERKEFELD FILTER CO., Ld.
121, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

PARIS GARTERS

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU.

For discriminating Men.
In correct dress, details count. The whole effect of perfect tailoring and grooming is spoiled entirely by slipping socks.

PARIS GARTERS
put that common mischief right; they support without pressure—never chafe nor strain

Price 1/- & 2/6 per pair.
At all outfitters.

Look for the name PARIS on every Garter.
If any difficulty in obtaining from your Outfitter, please write

British Pat. 15761
British Trade Mark 317605.

A. MERCHANT & CO., 7, Fore St., London, E.C.
Who supply the Wholesale.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The "West Cheshire" Decision of the Rules Committee

Among the decisions of the Rules Committee for the year 1910 there is one which has puzzled me very much. The curious will find the question and answer set out *in extenso* under the title of "Mud-Covered Ball" on p. 622 of this year's volume of "Nisbet's Golf Year Book." The point at issue is whether a player in a stroke competition, who has had the misfortune to drive his ball into the soft ground of the bank of a hazard, and finds it completely covered with mud after he has decided to lift it under the two-stroke penalty of Stroke Rule 11, may or may not clean the ball before teeing it for his next stroke.

"A Ball" and "The Ball"

Now, Rule 24 says that "mud adhering to a ball shall not be considered as making it unfit for play." So far we seem to be on safe and clear ground. But the Committee adds: "Under Stroke Rule 11 there is no permission given to change the ball." My difficulty arises out of the wording of Stroke Rule 11. That rule says that "a ball may be lifted from any place on the course under penalty of two strokes. If the player lift a ball in accordance with this rule, he may tee and play *a ball* behind the place from which *the ball* was lifted; and if this be impossible, he shall tee and play *a ball* as near as possible to the place from which *the ball* was lifted but not nearer the hole." I have italicised the words which puzzle me. For the life of me I cannot see how the wording of this rule can mean that the player is bound to put down the identical ball which he has lifted. Indeed, if there be any force left in words and grammar, then this rule practically gives explicit permission to the player to use another ball if he so chooses. Surely if the contrary were intended the rule would run: "If the player lift a ball in accordance with this rule he may tee and play it behind the place from which it was lifted," and so on through the rest of the sentence I have quoted, substituting "it" for "a ball" and "the ball."

A Princely Winner at Bad Homburg

Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, winner of the Sir John Brunner prize at the Homburg Golf Club

The Case of a Ball in Water

Now let us go further and take the wording of Rule 27, which deals with a ball in a water hazard. Here we find that "If a ball lie or be lost in a recognised water hazard . . . the player may drop *a ball*, etc., etc." Here, clearly, there can be no compulsion on the player to play the same ball, for the same words are used whether the ball "lie or be lost," and naturally in the latter case the player is bound to drop another ball. But his ball may have landed on a muddy bank in the water hazard and be retrieved in the same muddy condition as that of the West Cheshire player whose case I am discussing, and who has been told by the Rules Committee that Stroke Rule 11 gives no permission to change the ball.

A Doubtful Decision

I am not quarrelling with the spirit of the Rules Committee's decision in the West Cheshire case, but I do not believe their decision is right according to the wording of Rule 11. In other words, this means that Rule 11 was intended by the framers to convey a meaning which the actual words of the rule do not convey. I do not see how we are to get away from the words, "he may tee and play *a ball* behind the place from which *the ball* was lifted." Surely by these words the player is given the option of using another ball if he so pleases. If that was not the intention of the framers of the rule, then its wording ought to be altered so as to express clearly and unmistakably the intention put into it by this decision of the Rules Committee.

The Meaning of Rule 11

The subject was lately discussed by Mr. Hutchinson, and he is evidently not happy about this decision, although he was careful to say that he wrote as a private individual and not in his capacity of member of the Rules Committee. I believe that most students of the rules took Stroke Rule 11 as giving the player the option of using another ball, and to them, as to myself, this "West Cheshire" decision must have come as a distinct surprise.

ERNEST LEHMANN

HOW A WOMAN CAN ALWAYS BE AT HER BEST.

There is no particular AGE at which a woman is "at her best"—She is at the height of her charms just when her hair is in the most beautiful condition.

DO YOU WANT A PERFECT HEAD OF HAIR? IF SO, READ THIS ARTICLE AND SECURE THE THREE VALUABLE TOILET GIFTS HERE OFFERED TO EVERY LADY AND GENTLEMAN WHO WILL JUST WRITE FOR THEM.

Have you ever discussed the question: "At what age is a woman at her best?"

If so, there is no need to do so any longer. The problem has been solved at last.

"Solved!" you exclaim. "Impossible! There can be no solution. Everyone has different opinions on the subject."

In the past, yes. At the present time, no. That is the answer to your objection, and if you will read this article you will agree that it is so.

"When a Woman Looks Her Best."

Now, however, there comes forward a very high authority on feminine beauty and feminine requirements, one whose name is a household word — or, rather, a toilet-table word—all over the world. And his opinion, which every reader will read with interest, is this:—

"There is no particular age," he says, "at which a woman can be said to be at the height of her charms. A woman's appearance depends more than anything else upon the condition of her hair. A woman 'looks her best' when her hair is at its best."

How true this statement is!

Generous Offer to You from Famous Court Hair Specialist.

What follows from this?

Why, that if a woman can grow and keep a beautiful head of hair she can so heighten and preserve her charms and beauty.

Fortunately, every lady reader of this paper is now in a position to do this.

Yes, and male readers, too, can adopt this same method of cultivating and preserving the health of their hair, and thus "keeping themselves young"—a most desirable thing in this "too-old-at-forty" age.

How You Can Always Look at Your Best.

Mr. Edwards wants to show every woman "How she can always be at her best."

He equally wants to show every man "How he can avoid the appearance of age through the premature greying or 'general neglect' of the hair."

Let any woman conjure up the vision of how much younger and how much more attractive she would be if her hair was as it was, say, five to ten or fifteen years back.

Let any man similarly summon before his mind's eye the picture of the difference that his hair as it was five to fifteen years previous would make to him to-day.

And it is this great difference that it is possible to restore. No woman's—or man's—hair is to-day what it *might*—what it CAN *be*, unless it has had the natural and physiological cultivating and beautifying benefit of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

It is because we desire that you take up "Harlene Hair-Drill" in the same way, and for the parallel good reason that you now pay attention to your teeth and body health-cleanliness, that we wish you now to at least try, at our expense, the benefit you will gain by even one week's practice of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

And, in order to do this, he will send to you free of charge—

(1) A week's supply of "Harlene for the Hair," that famous Hair Tonic Dressing which is now being used daily by thousands of ladies and gentlemen all over the world.

(2) A Trial Supply of the Cremex Shampoo Powder for Home Use, with which the hair and scalp should be shampooed at least once every week.

(3) A copy of Mr. Edwards' book on the Hair and its care, including full directions for cultivating the hair by means of the two-minutes-daily "Harlene Hair-Drill" method.

Why not develop to the utmost the growth natural to your hair? Why not develop the hidden beauties of your hair? Why not banish that growing greyness creeping stealthily through your hair?

Why not—when you can have the "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit for 7 days' trial free of cost and free of obligation of any kind? The Outfit is sent to you on these terms because the senders know that you will be delighted with what it will do for you even in 7 days.

What "Harlene Hair-Drill" Does and Will Do for You.

As the result of practising "Harlene Hair-Drill":—

Your Hair will stop falling out.

Scurf and dandruff will disappear.

Greyness and Discoloration of your hair will be replaced by the hair's former natural colour.

Irritation of the scalp will cease.

New hair will spring up in bald and thin places.

Note, all the accessories required will be sent you without a penny cost It costs threepence to send you the package, and it is suggested that you do Messrs. Edwards the courtesy of sending the threepence for postage or carriage mentioned on the following Coupon (of which you can send a copy, if you would rather not cut it from your paper).

Further supplies of "Harlene" and "Cremex," wherewith to continue the practice and benefits of "Harlene Hair-Drill," may be obtained of all chemists and stores throughout the world, or sent direct and post paid, on receipt of postal order, "Harlene" in 1*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, and 4*s.* 6*d.* bottles, "Cremex" powders at 2*d.* each or in boxes of seven for 1*s.*

FREE TRIAL COUPON.

To The EDWARDS' HARLENE COMPANY,
95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me, as offered in your article in "The Bystander," one toilet outfit for a week's Hair Culture, including:—

FREE OF CHARGE { 1. Supply of "Harlene-for-the-Hair." 2. Supply of Cremex Shampoo Powder. 3. The Rules of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

I enclose 3d. in stamps to pay the postage of above to the following address in any part of the world.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

The Bystander, 6/9/1911.

D. H. EVANS & Co Ltd

The Schoolgirl

in regard to her complete outfitting for the impending term is amply provided for in the Sections devoted to her service. Everything is available, and in the School Box left to us to pack nothing will be reported short, depend upon it. We specialise in this matter, and are ready to save parents an infinity of trouble.

No. 26 BJ.

Blanket Paletot for Schoolgirl.

With Loose Back.
Colours: Saxe or Navy.
Price, to fit girl of 5 years,
18/11
rising about **1/6** each size larger.

Our fully-illustrated Catalogue will be found most helpful. It contains pictures and prices of everything the Schoolgirl needs. Post Free.

D. H. EVANS & CO. Pay Carriage throughout the United Kingdom.

290 to 320, Oxford Street, W.

SEQUARINE

The wonderful serum discovered by Professor Brown-Sequard is a cure for—

NERVOUSNESS,
NEURASTHENIA,
ANÆMIA,
RHEUMATISM, GOUT,
KIDNEY DISEASE,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
PARALYSIS,
GENERAL WEAKNESS,
PULMONARY TROUBLES.

The Sequarine Book, giving full particulars of the Serum Treatment, will be sent gratis and post free to any applicant.

Sequarine Serum is prepared in two forms: one for taking like an ordinary medicine, and the other for injection. The above illustration shows both forms.

C. RICHTER & CO., Established 1782
Manufacturing Chemists,
59, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

Sequarine is obtainable of all high-class Chemists and Stores, in bottles at 8/-, and for Hypodermic injection in Ampullae, four in a box, at 8/- per box.

The Royal Commission

in their final report on Tuberculosis, recently issued, clearly showed that the chief danger to child life resulted from the use of infected cow's milk. To quote one extract: "The Evidence we have accumulated goes to demonstrate that a considerable amount of the tuberculosis of childhood is to be ascribed to infection transmitted to children in meals consisting largely of the milk of the cow."

When the mother's milk is not available, the "Allenburys" Foods form the best substitute, as they are practically identical with healthy human milk in composition, nutritive value and digestibility, and are absolutely free from all harmful germs.

The 'Allenburys' Foods

promote sound sleep, ensure vigorous health and development, and represent the most successful method of Infant Feeding ever devised.

Milk Food No. 1. From birth to 3 months.
Milk Food No. 2. From 3 to 6 months.
Malted Food No. 3. From 6 months upwards.

A Pamphlet "Infant Feeding and Management" sent Free.

ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD.,
Lombard Street, London.

F 102

Healthy and Beautiful Skin

is more desirable than good features, and is much easier to obtain. The irresistible attraction of a beautiful complexion is assured to every lady who uses daily

Shem-el-Nessim Toilet Cream

Perfumed with the Scent of Araby.

It keeps the skin free from blemish and renders it white and supple in spite of wind or sun.

Free from grease, it is rapidly absorbed by the skin and does not promote the growth of down or superfluous hair.

Sample Pot, with name of nearest agent, **sent post free for 1/9.**

J. GROSSMITH & SON
Dept. C11, Newgate St., LONDON.

THE GRAPHIC

is a newspaper, a magazine, and a review in one.

It is a pictorial work of art, illustrating current history week by week.

Those who want to know "WHAT IS GOING ON" make sure of seeing THE GRAPHIC every week, wherever they may be.

Every Friday, 6d.

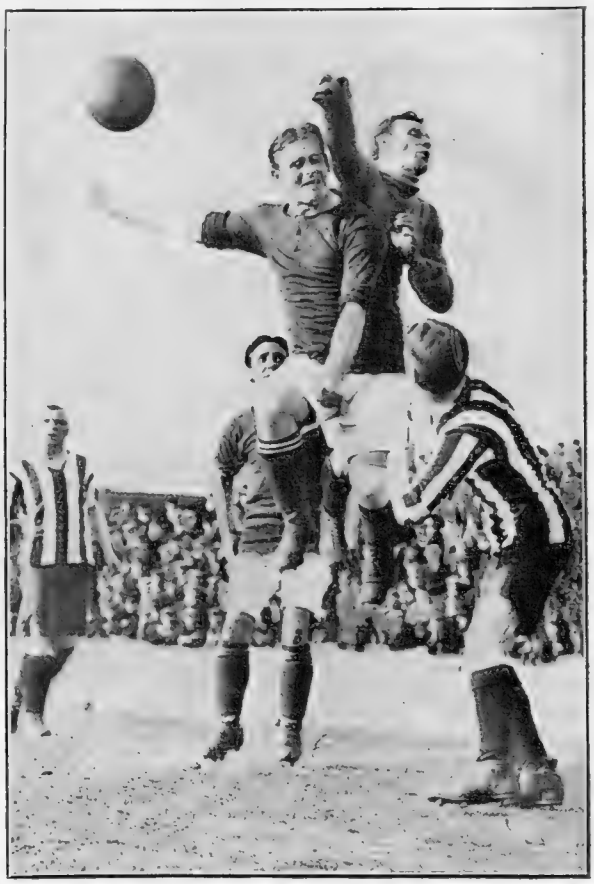
Publishing Office:
TALLIS HOUSE, TALLIS STREET, E.C.

Enough of this Foolery?

THE CONSPIRACY TO PLAY AND WATCH FOOTBALL AT 88° IN THE SHADE

PERSONS who at Chelsea on Saturday did not think it rather senseless as well as uncomfortable to watch a winter game in broiling summer heat. The occasion was the match between Chelsea and Stockport County

CHEERFUL RIVALS
Chelsea v. Stockport County captains read for the fray after the toss



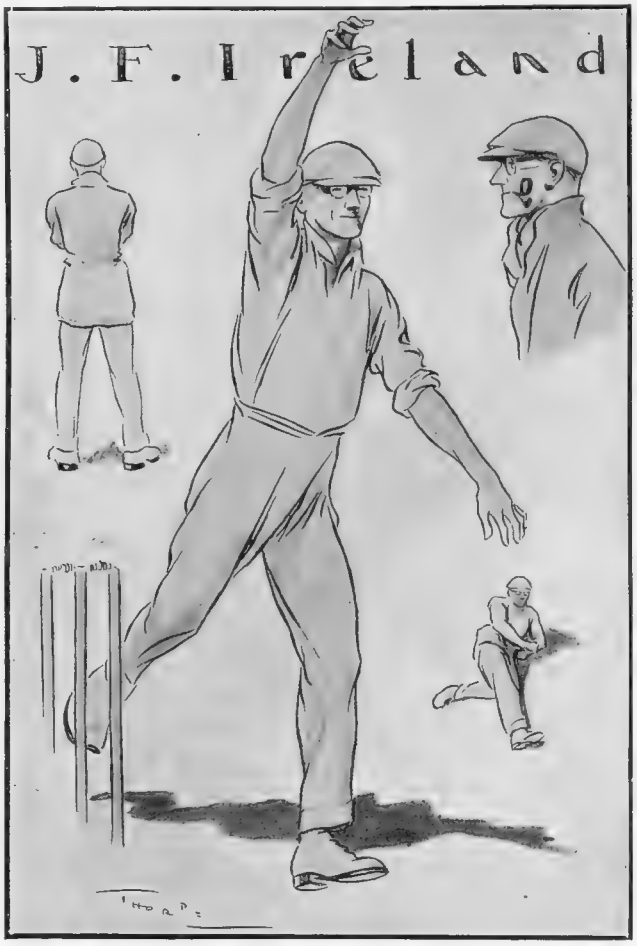
WOOLWICH ARSENAL v. LIVERPOOL
The Liverpool backs save the situation in a wonderful manner

A Well-Fostered County Cricket Team

SOME COMMENTS ON WARWICKSHIRE'S FIRST CHAMPIONSHIP

The Hour and the Man

There is great rejoicing in the Midlands generally, and in Birmingham particularly, over the victory of Warwickshire in the County Championship. At the beginning of the season nobody dreamt of such an eventuality. The county had practically the same team as that which last year had some difficulty in avoiding the less enviable notoriety attaching to the side which is decorated with the order of the wooden spoon. It was a good sound team, but not one that appeared likely to make cricket history—in point of fact a team of solid, but rather dull merit. But suddenly something happened. There was a latent spark somewhere that only wanted kindling, and F. R. Foster struck it. What is more, he fanned it into a flame and kept the flame burning to the end; and, appropriately enough, the dryness of the season helped the blaze. In other words, the men of the eleven attribute their success primarily to the way in which their young captain led them, and to the subtle influence which his personality enabled him to exercise over them for the common good of the side, and, in the second place, to the fact that they are a fast wicket and fine weather team. Six of them are—as cricketers go—veterans, and the hot weather has loosened their joints and made them feel young again. It may be of interest to note that Warwickshire became a first-class county in 1895, and that since then until the present year they have never been higher than fifth, a position which they occupied ten seasons ago. This season Foster and Kinneir have both achieved the coveted "double century," and Kinneir has two records to his credit—the highest individual score in a county match, and the scoring of two separate centuries against Sussex. Foster heads both the batting and bowling averages of the team, and in the bowling line he and Field have done the bulk of the damage. Finally, Foster, Kinneir, and Smith—a worthy successor to Lilley behind the sticks — have been chosen to represent England against Australia.



A Famous Cricketer-Golfer: Sketched by Thorpe

Equally proficient at both games, Mr. Ireland achieved the distinction of captaining Cambridge both in the 'Varsity cricket match and in the 'Varsity golf match this year. In both cases his side was defeated, but in the cricket match he proved himself to be the best bowler in either eleven, and in the golf he beat the Oxford captain, Mr. J. F. Myles, by one up

The Inevitable Anomaly

It is, no doubt, somewhat disquieting to reflect that Kent have lost the Championship without having had an opportunity of playing the team which has supplanted them. The County Championship has always bristled with anomalies more or less, and will continue so to bristle for all time. Various systems for placing the counties in an order of merit have been tried and every one has been found wanting in some respect or other. This year a new system has been introduced, in which for the first time a lead on the first innings in an unfinished match gets rewarded. This, of course, is a startling innovation; the purists will have none of it; according to their view it is literally "not cricket." But apart from that, the new system seems to have worked at least as well as the old; and the real truth is that no system can be completely satisfactory until all the first-class counties play an equal number of county matches and all play each other. But for this to come about under the present condition of things is clearly impossible. At present there are sixteen first-class counties, some of which play a great many more matches than others. Warwickshire have only a comparatively small total (twenty), and already the complaint has been made that its list was not of sufficient comprehensiveness to test the team's strength. The only way out of the difficulty would appear to be to reduce the number of first-class counties to, say, twelve, but how can this be done without causing dire offence somewhere?

Many Gun-Lovers

judiciously abstain from the stronger stimulants when aspiring to a really good "bag." For such experts ROSS'S Belfast Dry Ginger Ale supplies a long-felt want. Refreshing, invigorating and without relaxing after effect —"Ross" owes its tonic benefits to its perfect ingredients and its quality to the personal supervision of the third generation of Ross. With a slice of lemon, "Ross" is most delicious.

W. A. Ross & Sons, Ltd., Belfast.

London: 6 Colonial Avenue, Minories, E. (Wholesale only.)

Glasgow: 38 York Street. (Wholesale only.)

28

Do you know these places?

If you don't, ask your friends! Some of them will help you.

£40 in PRIZES

is offered for the correct location of these and the other views which appear in

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

"VIEW" COMPETITION BOOK

This has been published at the request of many correspondents, with whom the Competition of last year was so popular.

1st Prize, £25. 2nd Prize, £10. 3rd Prize, £5.

Ask your Chemist for a FREE copy.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining, or for additional copies, write, enclosing penny stamp for postage, to

"VIEWS," PROPRIETORS, WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP, 44-50, SOUTHWARK STREET, S.E.

RACING: The St. Leger, Derby. By CARBINE

Pietri's Chance

We are now fairly launched upon a busy back-end, and racing will go with a swing to the finish. There is plenty to occupy the attention at the moment. The weights for the Great Yorkshire Handicap and the Prince Edward Handicap have already made their appearance, and on Thursday we shall be in possession of the imposts which have been allotted in the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. Further, we have not yet disposed of the St. Leger, which at the time of writing has lost little of its open appearance. It is obvious to most that King William's race at York against Longboat did nothing but assure his supporters of the colt's well-being. As to Pietri, the thoughts of some of those who watched his game struggle against Stedfast doubtless reverted to the St. Leger of ten years back, when Mr. L. de Rothschild's Doricles created a great surprise by beating Volodyovski, starting at 40 to 1, and they wondered whether history would repeat itself this year. I shall, however, have a final opportunity of referring to the race next week.

At Derby

The transformation which has been effected since the spring in the accommodation at Derby will be much appreciated by visitors to the popular Midland venue, for the previous arrangements were distinctly lacking in up-to-dateness. The fare provided, too, is, as usual, full of interest, and an altogether excellent *réunion* is foreshadowed. In the first day's programme are the Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes and the seven-furlong Friary Nursery; on Thursday the Breeders' St. Leger is down for decision, while on the third day interest will be centred in the Peveril of the Peak Plate. Lord Falmouth last year carried off the first-named event with Lady's Mantle, and can this time be represented by both Belleisle and Merry Maiden, while another strong hand is held by Butters with Combination and Alope. There are several other good youngsters among the entry, but I fancy that Lord Falmouth will again provide the winner, probably **Belleisle.** Some forty juveniles with, presumably, the gift of staying, figure in the Friary Nursery, and I have some preference for **Witling,** if the son of The Wag is reserved therefor. Otherwise my vote must go to **St. Gilgen. Lycaon** goes for and should win the Breeders' St. Leger.

Friday's Big Race

The Peveril of the Peak Plate presents several points of interest. Sunspot and My Collar can renew their Greenwood Handicap antagonism on but slightly different conditions; Whisk Broom and Pietri, too, have an opportunity of fighting their Eclipse battle over again, though Mr. de Rothschild's colt will, I anticipate, be held in reserve for his more important engagement at Doncaster. Last year's winner, Duke Michael, is again among the acceptors, but I do not think he will repeat his 1910 success on this occasion; nor is it my opinion that this race will provide the turn of Eudorus. **Mustapha** has not been favoured by the handicapper, but I must confess to a strong liking for the chance of Lord Carnarvon's horse, to whom I anticipate most danger will arise from My Collar. At Kempton on Saturday **Cylgad** should win the Breeders' Foal Plate.

On Repeating Shot Guns: By LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

Maxim Guns for Partridges

I have recently been asked by several American sportsmen my opinion regarding the introduction of repeating sporting guns into first-class shooting.

My replies were that such guns would never be tolerated for an instant, as it is against all our ingrained ideas of sport to be able to pump out five shots—like a Maxim gun—into a bird, or a covey, or yet into a bunch of pheasants. These ideas of mine find no favour with Transatlantic cousins, who think that we should be entitled to have as many shots at a bird as can be got off.

I have since tried one of these guns at clay pigeons, and, although I can see possible uses for them, such as in duck shooting, where it is necessary to get all the shots possible when the birds come at long intervals, or, perhaps, only for a moment or so, just at daybreak or evening, yet I unhesitatingly condemn this murderous weapon for ordinary field or covert work. So far as the gun I saw is concerned, I found it nearly always jammed after the third cartridge, while the single barrel naturally got almost red-hot after a few shots. The recoil, which throws out the empty case and puts a fresh one in, is a distinctly disconcerting movement.

Un-English Sport

English double-barrel ejector guns have now reached so perfect a pitch, and fulfil all the requirements of those who can use them, that I can safely lay a big shade of odds the repeating abomination will never find its way to our covert-side, or butt, at any rate, in English hands. These repeating guns have a single barrel, and hold five cartridges in the part which is termed the "fore-end" in an English gun. Each time the trigger is pulled the cartridge is fired and ejected and a new one finds its way to the chamber. Thus, with almost lightning rapidity, the five shots can be discharged.

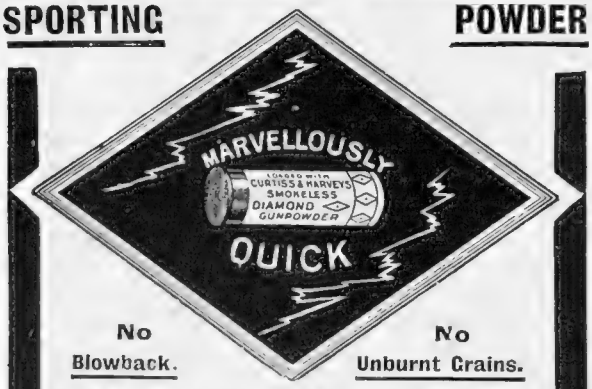
No, my excellent American friends, it won't do. If a bird can safely pass the ordeal of two barrels, then, by all means, let it have its life. But to plug three extra cartridges after it is un-English and not sporting; and, besides, we do not want to wipe out all our stock.

The Charm of Uncertainty

One of the chief charms of shooting, in my opinion, is the uncertainty of hitting. If, then, one were to invariably hit one's bird, and such a thing as a miss were unknown, I think one would soon weary of the sport.

In our grandfathers' days, when muzzle-loaders were in vogue, the gunner was not nearly so ready to loose off his gun as is done to-day, for then it meant a certain amount of work and time in reloading. One can easily realise what it would sound like if such a party as I have described, armed with repeaters, were out! If any of my readers would like to know more of the probable effect, I would suggest a visit to the Fox Hills at Aldershot on a Field Day, for that alone would equal the fusillade.

IMPROVE YOUR SHOOTING
. . by using . .
"SMOKELESS ◇ DIAMOND"
SPORTING POWDER



No Blowback. No Unburnt Grains.

"Marvellously Quick!"

No fluttering birds with "Smokeless Diamond."

Wholesale only:
CURTISS & HARVEY, Ltd.,
3, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.

Obtainable of all Gunmakers and Dealers in Ammunition.

Recognised everywhere as ALWAYS RELIABLE

The excellent behaviour of Eley Cartridges even under adverse conditions, attributable solely to the faultless manufacture, and the unquestionable high quality of the materials used, has won, and is still winning, the most practical form of appreciation from sportsmen whose judgment inspires confidence.

Eley Cartridges are obtainable of all Gunmakers and Dealers.

ELEY BROS. LTD.
LONDON.

D. H. EVANS & Co Ltd
290 to 320, Oxford St., London, W.

THE SCHOOLBOY

in regard to his complete outfitting for the impending term is amply provided for in our Boys' own Departments.

Everything is here available in the way of Clothes and etceteras, and the School Box left to us to pack will have nothing reported short, depend upon it. A helpful illustrated Catalogue on the subject is sent on application, post free.

No. 1 BV.
YOUTH'S ETON JACKET AND VEST.
In Black Vicuna and Cheviots, 22/6, 29/6, 33/6, 42/-

No. 2 BV.—STRIPED TROUSERS, for Day Wear.
Price 10/6 and 13/6

No. 3 BV.
BLACK TROUSERS, for Evening Wear.
Price 8/6 to 16/6

No. 4 BV.—SILK HAT
Price 10/6 and 15/6

D. H. EVANS & CO. Pay Carriage on all Clothing and Outfitting throughout United Kingdom.

After a Long Day's Shooting or Fishing

there is nothing that will so quickly take the ache out of your back and the stiffness out of your legs as an

Anturic Bath

It will revive and refresh you at once and prevent any tendency to chills and rheumatism caused by getting wet or overtired.

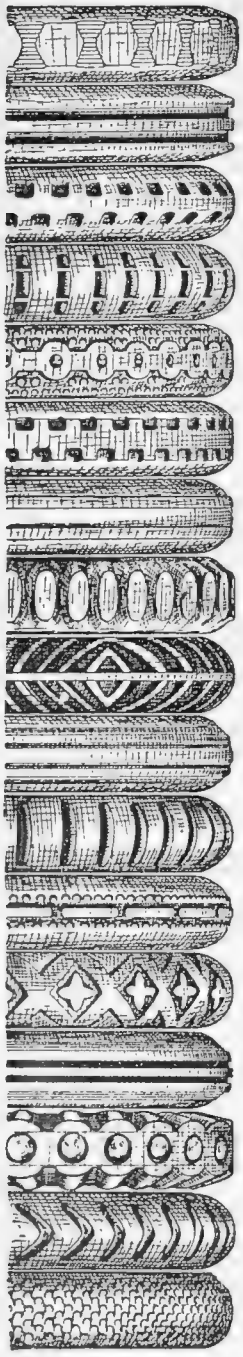
TRY ONE TO-DAY

and you will be ready and fit to start again to-morrow.

Full particulars in booklet sent POST FREE on application to ANTURIC SALTS, Ltd (Dept. B.), 379, Strand, London, W.C.

Wholesale Agents—
ROCKE, TOMPSITT & Co.,
4, Redcross Street, E.C.

Bibendum on Tyre Fashions



As a practical motorist, have you ever been struck by the extraordinary divergence of opinion which our many competitors exhibit regarding the correct design for the tread of an all-rubber cover? Look at the adjoining "pictures" taken from issues of various motor papers. It is a strange fact that most other tyre companies base their claim upon public affection because their tyres are manufactured with a **special** form of tread, guaranteed to perform all sorts of wonderful feats.

Why?

It would seem that they are trying to please customers much in the same way as a picture dealer who, in exhibiting a picture set in a showy frame, diverts the attention of the purchaser from the real object —the picture itself—by enlarging upon the merits of the frame.

But where does the value lie? In the painting itself or the frame?

The very fact of such a great variety of fancy pattern tyres proves conclusively that none of these patterns is correct. Either one pattern is the best, and should be universally adopted by every tyre manufacturer throughout the world, or all are unnecessary. The only redeeming feature I can see is that they serve as an advertising point for pushing sales; in which case we must say that the tyre manufacturer has not the interest of his clients at heart.

He ought not to say: "Now here are a few of my assorted patterns. I haven't the ghost of a notion which is the best; it is for you to make your choice." What he should say is: "I have experimented with all sorts and shapes of tyres, and this is the model I have found to be the best; consequently I do not manufacture any other design. If I did, I would be deceiving you."

If the grooves on one tread are good, then how can the ribs on another be equally good?

And what happens to all those lumps? At the outset they support the whole weight, and bear the driving strain; then, after a time, disgusted with having so much work put upon them, they quickly disappear. Result? **A plain tread cover.**

Again, have you ever compared the thickness of a Michelin Square Tread with a grooved or fancy pattern cover? Measured from the bottom of the grooves there is nearly $\frac{1}{13}$ of an inch less substance than in our Square Tread; and, in the case of another, if we measure the tread at its thickest part, we find $15\frac{1}{2}^{m}/_{m}$ as opposed to the $18^{m}/_{m}$ of the Michelin Square Tread, *i.e.*, $\frac{1}{10}$ of an inch less substance.

You must not be surprised then if they last a shorter time than a Michelin Square Tread; and yet some of these tyres cost you more than you would pay for one of our Square Treads. Then, to revert to our original comparison, why pay more than the picture is worth because of the ornamental frame?

Was I not right when I said it was purely a huge piece of advertising bluff?

Michelin Tyre Co., Ltd.,

81, Fulham Road, Chelsea, London, S.W.

MOTORING BY Land, Sea and Sky.

Continental Touring

The motorist crossing between Newhaven and Dieppe—a route in high favour for the reason that the tourist is brought to the gate of the finest scenery in Northern France

Mammoth Manufacture

IT is estimated by a responsible authority (as responsible an authority as we can expect to find in America) that motor-car manufacturers in that land of large orders have the plant, and will certainly produce over two hundred thousand cars for next season. That may be an optimistic idea of the market, or it may not. If it is not, then the home demand is larger to-day than even I expected; and knowing a little concerning it, my expectations did not err (so I imagined) on the side of an under-estimate. That market is one of the most wonderful things in commercial history. What seemed to be a motor madness, or, to put it more gently, a mania for motoring, possessed the people. Men sunk their last cent in a car. The possibilities of pleasure or business to be realised through the mechanically propelled road vehicle were not in the least discounted by the fact that there were very few roads worth talking about to run them on. The farmer, a very important and rapidly growing factor in the demand, just leapt at the "auto" for agricultural purposes. And on the back of its popularisation has come an insistent cry for roads, and more roads, and real roads. The result is an awakening in the halls of authority, and a concentration upon new highway construction (because the old tracks which merely followed the farm fence line, and consisted of a cart rut in virgin soil, were generally found quite impossible even as routes for highways) which should make the United States quite a tolerable touring-ground in the course of a few years.

Transporting the Motor

A car being shipped on board the Brighton Company's Mail steamer at Newhaven *en route* for France

The American Invasion Again

Yet, although the motor mania descended upon the people like an epidemic, there is hardly a sign that the demand was, or is, transient. America, of course, is a vast proposition, and its motor market must, even under what would to us seem normal conditions, naturally assume enormous dimensions. But a consumption of two hundred thousand cars suggests an incredible appetite. Of course, the American manufacturer is operating within a tariff fence that practically shuts out foreign competition entirely. He has the field to himself, and covers it with a vehicle much more suited to local conditions than European cars, built for real roads, could be. But he has this advantage, that his vehicles, constructed for bad roads, cannot be less efficient on good roads, and, being produced in such quantities, are cheaper. If, therefore, he has over-estimated the size of his own market, he can enter any foreign market open to him with his surplus. The British market is open to him among others; and he is, apparently, quite willing to operate in it. I have just indulged in a mental run through the list of American cars represented in this

country. I find there are at least sixteen of them now. (There are not many more British vehicles.) So that we are not likely to have cause for complaint on the score of restricted choice. Moreover, it is clear that the American vehicle is quite acceptable to a large class of British motorists, and not alone (although this, of course, is, generally, *the* desideratum) on the ground of price. Fortunately, there is no need for any violent perturbation among British manufacturers, who are all doing a very healthy business indeed, but there is, nevertheless, small comfort in the reflection that the Americans are upon us in an army with vehicles which are finding a ready market. Presently the British manufacturer may want that share of the business. But it will take a larger organisation and a bigger effort to secure then than it does to-day. Well——?

Road Books

Only space exigencies have prevented me from making earlier reference to the remarkable series of little guide-books which Messrs. Burrows are issuing under the auspices of the Royal Automobile Club. The complete series will comprise ten volumes, five of which have already been issued, the last covering Wales. At the price of sixpence they are extraordinary value. In make-up, and letterpress, and illustration, as well as in helpful handiness, they are excellent. The descriptive writing is from the pen of Mr. Chas. G. Harper, one of the first authorities upon the roads of Great Britain, and the details have been checked for the greater accuracy by the touring department of the R.A.C. I very confidently commend the volumes and hope that presently it may be found practicable to issue them in cloth bindings as well as in the present illustrated paper wrappers.

"High Roads of the Alps"

All who take their cars abroad will be interested to note that Mr. C. L. Freeston's standard work, "The High Roads of the Alps: A Guide to One Hundred Mountain Passes," which received so warm a welcome from the motoring public last year, has been reissued in enlarged form. Descriptions of several additional passes have been added; the map of the Tyrol has been redrawn to include new roads, and is also enlarged; while the text generally has been carefully revised throughout. Though essentially practical in its scope, the volume is none the less attractively produced, and contains over a hundred striking illustrations of Alpine scenery, mostly from the author's own photographs. Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co. are the publishers.

In Compression

The Rover car has a reputation for longevity, immunity from disorder, and simplicity of control, but doubtless some questions may arise upon which owners would be glad of direction—questions relating to methods of greater economy, or any other. The Rover Company, therefore, desire it known that they are always glad to hear from Rover owners, and are always ready to assist in the solution of any problem which may arise out of the running of their cars.

When horse carmen fall out, motor-cars sometimes come by their own. The Thunderer, even the Thunderer, found itself in difficulties during the recent strike. In its dilemma it went to Jarrott, Ltd., and in two hours was provided with a way of escape by that well-organised firm. In that short space special bodies were fitted to chassis, the stations were rushed, and the *Times* delivered to the newspaper trains as usual. Smart work, but characteristic of Jarrott, Ltd.

An eminent Harley Street specialist writes that his Delahaye car, after running 7,000 miles, has only cost £4 9*s.* 6*d.* for cleaning and overhauling. The best is always the cheapest.—Send for details to H. M. Hobson, Ltd., 16, Pall Mall, S.W.

Photograph] **The Lady as Motor Marine** ["*The Motor Boat*"

The generosity of Mr. F. Hedges Butler in providing first and second prizes, and of Mr. Bryan Waite, who offered a third prize, was responsible for a highly interesting contest for ladies in the Royal Motor Yacht Club's one-design sailing-boat race. Each lady had to steer her own boat throughout, and be nominated and, as a crew, accompanied by a subscriber to the club boats. The winners of first and second prizes (Miss Underhill and Miss Jean Underhill) are immediately behind the gun

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 405.—Vol. XXXI. Wednesday, September 6, 1911 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

Telephone: 37 GERRARD.

HAMPTON & SONS

ESTATE AGENTS AUCTIONEERS VALUERS

ILLUSTRATED LIST OF COUNTRY ESTATES, RESIDENCES, AND SPORTINGS FOR SALE AND TO BE LET.

Published in three parts, post free, three stamps each, viz.:—

(1) LANDED ESTATES. (2) UNFURNISHED HOUSES FOR SALE OR LETTING. (3) FURNISHED HOUSES AND SHOOTINGS.

RESTFUL RETREAT FOR CITY MAN.

In Perfect Country Under 30 Minutes from Town.

WITH 2, 20, OR 100 ACRES.

Bracing position between 180ft. and 280ft. above Sea.

BRENTWOOD AND UPMINSTER (between).—For SALE, picturesque FREEHOLD MODERN RESIDENCE, commanding extensive and diversified views in all directions. Long carriage drive approach. 7 bed and dressing rooms, bath, 3 reception rooms, and capital offices.

VERY PRETTY PLEASURE GROUNDS,

including flower garden, terrace walk, tennis garden, fruit and vegetable garden, and small orchard. A 7-roomed

FARMHOUSE WITH FARMERY,

and enclosures of grassland, affording unusually fine sites for other residences. Company's water laid on. Sporting facilities in district.—Details of Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

FIRST REASONABLE OFFER ACCEPTED.

Charming old-fashioned Residence

IN LOVELY GROUNDS.

WELL UNDER AN HOUR FROM TOWN, conveniently near the Thames and station.—The HOUSE has recently been redecorated throughout, and is

NOW IN FIRST-RATE ORDER.

Lounge hall. Dining room. Drawing room. Handsome oak-panelled library. Seven bedrooms. Bathroom.

Usual domestic offices.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. COMPANY'S WATER.

Stabling, garage, cottage, and useful outbuildings.

DELIGHTFUL OLD-WORLD AND WELL-WOODED GROUNDS.

Productive kitchen garden, lawn, nut walk, etc., in all about 2 acres.—Strongly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

AN ESTATE IN MINIATURE.

Within a drive of Torquay and Dartmoor.

DELIGHTFUL ADAM RESIDENCE. BEAUTIFUL OLD-WORLD GARDENS.

Glorious climate. South aspect. High and sheltered position.

SOUTH DEVON.—To be LET or SOLD, a charming little ESTATE of 25 acres, carrying a *typical eighteenth-century Residence, fitted with Adam grates and other Adam features,* and possessing admirably proportioned rooms. The exceptionally well-finished House is approached by a carriage drive, and contains: drawing room (about 30ft. by 18ft.), 2 other reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and excellent offices. Delightful old-world terraced gardens, and some well-timbered and watered rich pasture-land, in all ABOUT 25 ACRES. Good stabling and buildings and 2 first-rate cottages. Company's water laid on.

LOW PRICE OR RENT

for immediate disposal.—Inspected and very strongly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

ON NEW FOREST BORDERS.

SACRIFICIAL PRICE. With extensive New Forest grazing rights.

HANTS (overlooking SOUTHAMPTON WATER).—For SALE, gentleman's RESIDENCE, standing high, with good drive approach, in this favourite residential district.

GLORIOUS UNINTERRUPTED VIEWS OVER SOUTHAMPTON WATER.

Large, lofty drawing room and dining rooms, lounge hall, study, offices, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, just put into thorough structural order. New drainage; good water supply. Price, for immediate Sale, with 3 acres and stabling, only £1,200; with 16 acres, £1,600; or would be Sold with 40, 70, up to 200 acres.—Inspected and recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Offices: 2 & 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London." TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (3 lines)

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Also New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney.

NORTH WALES (commanding magnificent views embracing the Menai Straits).—To be SOLD, an attractive RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of nearly 40 ACRES, with a substantial Mansion standing in a beautifully timbered park. The accommodation includes: 4 large reception rooms, 15 bedrooms; electric light; stabling for 15; garage; 2 lodges; yachting, hunting, golf; beautiful gardens and grounds, old lawns, tennis court, walled kitchen garden, woodland, and about 27 acres of parkland.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney.

N.B.—The furniture could be acquired.

PICTURESQUE HOUSE, WITH 2, 10, OR 136 ACRES.
WITHIN 1 MILE OF GOLF COURSE.

£2,500 WITH 10 ACRES.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE (between Newmarket and Peterborough).—A FREEHOLD RESIDENCE in perfect order, standing in beautifully laid-out grounds. The picturesque House is covered in creepers and thatched. Accommodation: entrance and lounge halls, 3 good-sized reception rooms, 8 bed and 2 dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; excellent stabling, comprising 50 loose boxes, 5 stalls, 4 covered yards, motor-house, etc.; 2 cottages. Farm of 126 acres adjoining, including some of the best land in the county.—Photographs and particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney. (3,865)

260FT. ABOVE THE SEA.

BETWEEN TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND EASTBOURNE, commanding extensive views of the Sussex Downs and the sea.—To be SOLD, the above

OLD SUSSEX FARMHOUSE,

standing in nicely timbered grounds of over 8 ACRES. The accommodation includes: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.); stabling for 2, coach-house, and men's rooms; picturesque old grounds, flower garden, lovely old lawn, tennis court, orchard, fruit and vegetable gardens.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W.; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney. (5,015)

BUTT'S HILL, KINGSWEAR.

PROBABLY THE FINEST SITUATION ON THE DART.
FACING DIRECTLY OUT TO SEA.

TO BE SOLD, this charming RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, comprising a substantial stone-built Residence, occupying a delightful situation facing

THE MOUTH OF THE DART,

and containing: entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 14 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light throughout.

THE FINELY TIMBERED GROUNDS SLOPING TO THE BEACH

are a special feature, and contain a wonderful variety of flowering trees and shrubs, and sub-tropical plants, etc., in sheltered places; good stabling, garage, and coach-house, etc.; boat-house.

IN ALL ABOUT 6 ACRES.

—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney.

£6,000 WITH OVER 100 ACRES.

600FT. ABOVE THE SEA, FACING SOUTH.
WITHIN AN HOUR OF TOWN.

CHILTERN HILLS.—To be SOLD, the above picturesque old-fashioned RESIDENCE, occupying a fine position, commanding views of great extent.

Lounge hall,	electric light,
3 reception rooms,	telephone,
13 bed and dressing rooms,	hot-water heating.

Stabling, cottages, farmery, etc.; grounds and farmlands, in all 113 acres.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney.

Telephones: 1505 Mayfair. 3645 Gerrard.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "Waltons, London."

TROUT FISHING IN THE ITCHEN FOR ABOUT 1 MILE.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, situated on the banks of the Itchen (see view above). The House has been recently remodernised and is in excellent order, AND LIGHTED WITH ELECTRIC LIGHT. It contains: 3 reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, bath, and offices; motor-house and stabling; attractively laid-out garden, together with meadowland, etc., in all about 50 acres. If grassland is not required, a substantial rent can be obtained by letting off the grazing. There is a trout hatchery and cottage.—Walton and Lee, 10, Mount Street, W. (21,129)

IN A HEALTHY PINE DISTRICT.

NEAR STATION, AND 6 MILES FROM GUILDFORD.—To be SOLD, this attractive modern RESIDENCE, approached by carriage drive with lodge at entrance. It stands on gravel and sand soil, and contains: hall, 3 reception rooms, 5 principal bedrooms, dressing room, 3 servants' bedrooms, bath, and w.c.; unrivalled views are obtained from the House; excellent water supply and drainage. The grounds include tennis lawn, orchard, woodlands, and comprise in all nearly

6 ACRES.

Price, £3,000.—Walton and Lee, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,190)

AT A VERY LOW PRICE. OWNER ANXIOUS TO SELL.

ST. ALBANS (in a high and open situation with good views, near 2 stations, but outside the city boundary; low rates).—For SALE, this capital BIJOU HOUSE (erected for owner), with very charming and beautifully laid-out grounds, tennis lawn, shrubberies, rockery, kitchen garden; stabling for 4, groom's rooms; 5 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 4 reception rooms; Company's water; modern drainage; gas; hunting; near 2 golf links.—Inspected and recommended by Walton and Lee, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,756)

ILLUSTRATED COUNTRY REGISTERS

FREE ON APPLICATION.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. Walton and Lee will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant.—Offices, 10, Mount St., London, W.

AS A WHOLE OR IN 6 LOTS.

HILLINGDON AND UXBRIDGE.

A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY FOR BUILDERS AND SPECULATORS.

THE EXCEEDINGLY VALUABLE FREEHOLD BUILDING PROPERTY known as

"THE HILLINGDON HOUSE ESTATE," most conveniently situated, about a ¼ of a mile from Vine Street and Belmont Road Stations, on the Great Western and Metropolitan Railways respectively, and comprising an area of about

206 ACRES.

The Estate includes a fine old Family Mansion (see view above), eminently suitable for a gentleman's country residence or for conversion into a public institution, hydro, motor or golf club-house, or any similar undertaking, occupying a delightful position, overlooking a fine ornamental lake, and surrounded by magnificent gardens and pleasure grounds, about 40 acres in extent. The residue of the Property consists of beautifully timbered parklike meadow-lands, traversed for their full length by the picturesque little River Pinn, and includes a good 9-hole golf course. *The town of Uxbridge practically encloses the Property on the North and West sides, and presents* A READY-MADE FRONTAGE OF ¾ OF A MILE OF MAIN ROAD, ALREADY LAID WITH SEWERS, AND SERVED BY THE LONDON TRAM SYSTEM.

The other sides of the Estate are similarly bounded by good roads.

The main and other road frontages could be immediately utilised for building without any preliminary outlay.

THE ESTATE IS TITHE FREE AND LAND TAX REDEEMED.

—Full illustrated particulars, plan, views, etc., apply to the Agents, Walton and Lee, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

BURNHAM BEECHES.—Delightful little RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of about 25 acres for SALE, Freehold; Gentleman's Residence, excellent farm-buildings and Bailiff's house; all in first-rate order throughout; inexpensive pleasure grounds, productive orchard, woodland and pasture.—Inspected and recommended by Walton and Lee, 10, Mount Street, W. (25,404)

£20 AN ACRE.—605 Acres in a good social and sporting part of Norfolk, 2½ miles from a station. Capital COUNTRY HOUSE, containing: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 3 reception rooms; stabling for 10 horses, excellent range of farm-buildings, and good residence for farm bailiff, 3 cottages; land in a high state of cultivation. EXCELLENT PARTRIDGE SHOOTING. TROUT FISHING in stream intersecting the Estate. Large proportion of purchase money can remain on mortgage.—Walton and Lee, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,269)

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK BORDER. WITHIN EASY REACH OF THE BROADS.

£1,600 WILL PURCHASE the above charming RESIDENCE, and about 5 acres of inexpensive pleasure grounds, productive kitchen garden, and paddocks; approached by carriage drive with lodge, and containing: 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling, cottage, etc.; exceptional boating and golfing facilities.—Walton and Lee, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,167)

HERTS AND MIDDLESEX BORDERS.

In a beautiful district between Harrow and Rickmansworth. A short distance from two stations, whence the City and West End are reached within 25 minutes.

THE ABOVE CHARMING FREEHOLD GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, unusually well appointed, and in absolutely first-rate condition, standing in pretty grounds of nearly 3 acres. TO BE SOLD. Contains: 2 halls, 3 reception rooms, 10 bed, dressing, and bathrooms, and offices; water laid on; acetylene gas; excellent motor-house, small stable, cottage, etc.; inexpensive but very pretty grounds, with tennis and croquet lawns, rose and flower beds, racquet court, kitchen gardens, etc.; good golf links within easy walk.—Inspected and recommended by Walton and Lee, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,860)

A BARGAIN.

HOLMWOOD DISTRICT.—For SALE, AT A GREATLY REDUCED PRICE, the above picturesque COUNTRY HOUSE on 2 floors, beautifully situated 300ft. above sea, with stabling, model farmery, beautiful grounds, 2 fruit and vegetable gardens, glasshouses, cottages, and undulating nicely timbered meadows: 8 bedrooms, dressing room with bath, 2 other bathrooms, large and handsome reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, lounge hall, conservatory, and good offices. Electric light; Company's water; heating. The Property comprises an area of about 17 ACRES.—Walton and Lee, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,817)

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE, LAND AGENTS, AUCTIONEERS, & SURVEYORS

Telephones: 1505 Mayfair. 3645 Gerrard } 10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W. { Telegrams: "Waltons, London."

Telegrams: "Everything, London" Telephone: Western 1 (60 lines).

HARRODS (LTD.)

ESTATE AGENTS BROMPTON ROAD, S.W. AUCTIONEERS

SURREY (commanding pretty views of the Surrey Hills, Leith Hill, Reigate Park, and the Pilgrim's Way over Reigate Hill).

"BROKES LODGE," REIGATE.

This well-built, substantial FAMILY RESIDENCE, containing 12 to 13 bed, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception, billiard room; every modern convenience, including electric light and central heating; stabling and garage.

DELIGHTFUL, WELL-TIMBERED PLEASURE GROUNDS OF 4½ ACRES.

For SALE, privately, or by AUCTION, on September 29 next, by Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

IMMEDIATELY READY FOR OCCUPATION.

SCARBOROUGH.—Charming MARINE RESIDENCE in best possible position, with South aspect: 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, and every convenience; electric light; easy to work; quite near golf and tennis courts: ELEGANTLY FURNISHED; full of old oak, marquetry, old china, etc.; ready for immediate occupation. Price, Freehold, with contents, £3,750.—Full details of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

THE COTTAGE, OLD MALDEN, SURREY.

A CHARMING RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, with 8 bed, 3 reception, bath, secondary staircase, stabling, garage, telephone, gas,

DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS OF 9¾ ACRES,

for SALE, by AUCTION, on Sept. 29, unless disposed of previously.—Full particulars and photos of the Sole Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

A GEM OF A PROPERTY.

WIMBLEDON PARK (overlooking).—A charming modern Bijou HOUSE: 6 bed and dressing rooms, 3 ground-floor reception rooms, lounge hall, gentleman's lavatory, 2 bathrooms; delightful garden of about ½ acre; views extending to Epsom Downs; costly fitments.—Will be SOLD, by AUCTION, on Sept. 29, or privately.—Full particulars from the Sole Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

TO CITY MEN.

14 MILES FROM MARBLE ARCH.—Delightful COTTAGE RESIDENCE, amidst perfectly rural surroundings: 8 bed, 3 reception rooms, bathroom; stabling for 2; gardener's cottage (5 rooms); very pretty secluded grounds of about 10 ACRES, including lawns, wilderness, paddock, etc. For SALE, by AUCTION, on September 29 (unless previously disposed of).—Full particulars of the Sole Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

£120 PER ANNUM.—REDHILL (Surrey, 10 minutes from the station).—To be LET, UNFURNISHED, Attractive and convenient HOUSE: 2 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; motor-house; GROUNDS OF 1 ACRE, greenhouse, etc.; electric light and gas; Company's water.—Full details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

BEAUTIFUL BEECH-CLAD CHILTERNS, *amidst lovely scenery, unspoilt by the builder, yet within a mile of a main line station.*

A QUAINT OLD-WORLD FARMHOUSE,

in a quiet corner, surrounded by lofty trees: 7 bed, 2 reception, conservatory (easily enlarged); extensive buildings; pretty gardens and well-timbered, park-like paddock, in all 20 ACRES. Freehold for SALE.—Full details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

"THE ELMS," SHORTLANDS, KENT.—A substantial FAMILY RESIDENCE, with

8 bed,	2 bathrooms,	telephone,
3 reception,	billiard room,	electric light.

BEAUTIFUL GARDENS OF 1¼ ACRES.

For SALE, privately, or by AUCTION, on September 29.—Full details of Sole Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

GRAFTON AND BICESTER.

EXCELLENT HUNTING DISTRICT (close to Brackley).—This comfortable RESIDENCE to LET for Winter or longer: 12 bed, 2 bath, 3 large reception rooms, and halls;

8 CAPITAL LOOSE BOXES;

pretty gardens and paddock.—Strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 6,926)

KENT (easy reach of Tunbridge Wells).—Picturesque RESIDENCE, 600 YEARS OLD, situate in grounds of 6 acres: 7 bed, bath, 3 sitting rooms, hall; stabling 4; tennis, etc. Rent, 5 gns. per week.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 7,075)

SUSSEX (1 mile from station).—To LET, from Michaelmas, well-furnished RESIDENCE, 200ft. above sea level, surrounded by 26 acres meadow-land: 8 bed, bath, 4 sitting rooms; stabling 3, etc.—Inspected and recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 6,965)

ADJOINING GOLF LINKS.

SURREY (near Guildford).—Picturesque gabled RESIDENCE, on gravel soil: 9 bed, bath, 4 sitting rooms; stabling; tennis ground. Rent, Furnished, £200 p.a.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above

BUCKS (30 minutes from London).—To be SOLD, a most conveniently situated HOUSE, under a mile from station on main line: hall, 3 reception, 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, billiard room; pretty garden, tennis lawn, conservatory and greenhouse; gas. Price, Freehold, £1,900.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (12,360)

AT A REDUCED PRICE.

LOVELY LIMPSFIELD, close to the noted Limpsfield Golf Links, in a carefully chosen position,

COMMANDING A WONDERFUL PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE WEALDS OF KENT AND SUSSEX.

Standing nearly 500ft. above sea level on dry sandstone: hall, 3 reception, fine billiard room, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; stabling for 3 horses.

LOVELY GROUNDS OF 3 ACRES.

—Inspected and strongly recommended.—Box H 21, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

SURREY AND SUSSEX BORDERS.—To be SOLD, the above LOVELY OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE, about 200 years old, in excellent order, with modern conveniences.

GRAND WEALTH OF OLD OAK.

Well away from road, approached by private road and carriage drive, surrounded by

PRETTY GROUNDS AND LAND OF 14 ACRES.

Lounge hall, with old open fireplace, 2 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling, barn, and excellent cottage. Price, £3,000.—Inspected and strongly recommended.—Box H 22, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

By Order of the Executors of the late James W. Reeve, Esq. With possession.

SOUTH HANTS (in a charming pine district, 235ft. above sea level, close to South Stoneham Golf Links, and only 2½ miles from Southampton, with its well-known yachting facilities).—The Valuable RESIDENTIAL ESTATE, known as

"RED LODGE," BASSETT,

a well-built and appointed Residence, containing: fine hall, 4 entertaining rooms, billiard room, spacious offices, 16 principal and secondary bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms; excellent stabling for 5 horses, with harness and coach and motor houses; small farmery; lodge entrance; gardener's cottage; several ranges of modern built glasshouses; exceptionally beautiful gardens and grounds and parklands, having an area of about 29 acres (more or less), studded with fine timber and ornamental trees and shrubs, and a profusion of rhododendrons, for which this locality is noted; gas, electric light installation; main water supply; telephone; modern drainage.

MESSRS. GUDGEON AND SONS have been favoured with instructions to SELL the above PROPERTY by AUCTION (unless previously disposed of by Private Treaty), at the Royal Hotel, Southampton, on Monday, September 18, 1911, at 3 p.m. precisely.—Particulars and conditions of sale and orders to view may be had in due course of Messrs. H. B. WORRELL and SON, Solicitors, 80, Coleman Street, London, E.C., and of the Auctioneers, The Auction Mart, Winchester.

OVERLOOKING A WELL-KNOWN GOLF COURSE.

SURREY (40 minutes from London).—To be SOLD, a modern RESIDENCE, occupying a high position, commanding beautiful views. It stands on gravel soil, with a South aspect, and the accommodation comprises: lounge entrance hall, billiard room (24ft. by 18ft.), dining room, panelling in oak, drawing and morning rooms, and usual domestic offices, including servants' hall; above are 9 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 bathrooms; electric light; garage; the gardens of 1½ acres include rosary, tennis court, rock garden, and flower and kitchen gardens.—Apply, Box K 4,992, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

300FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

SURREY (40 minutes from City).—To be SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, standing in its own grounds of over ½ acre, with a frontage of 126ft. The House is fitted with electric light and gas, and comprises: hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, lavatories, etc.; motor-house could be built; chalk soil. PRICE, £1,950.—Apply, Box KC, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

FOR SALE (near Maidenhead), charming FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, standing in own grounds; telephone attached: 2 reception, 5 bed and bath rooms (h. and c.); large kitchen and flower gardens, orchard (well stocked); 2 ponds; good coach-house, stable 2 stalls; nicely situated, beautiful scenery; part or all furniture could be bought. Moderate price. Excellent opportunity to secure an ideal country home.—COX, Foxley Cottage, Holyport, Maidenhead.

WANTED, an UNFURNISHED HOUSE, on Lease, N. or N.W. of London, within 30 minutes by fast trains: 9 or 10 bedrooms, garage with man's rooms, and about 2 acres of garden.—Fullest particulars and photo, which would be returned, to R 121, Palmerston House, Old Broad Street, E.C.

GERRARD'S CROSS (under 1 mile from station).—"THE DOWNS." Artistic RESIDENCE, in fine position facing South, to be LET: 2 sitting rooms with large verandah, lounge hall (oak seats and floor), 5 bedrooms, and large bathroom, etc.; quaint heather-thatched motor-house standing in cherry orchard; large garden.—For particulars apply, EDGAR RANGER, Orche Hill Chambers, Gerrard's Cross, Bucks.

TELEPHONE NOS: Gerrard 6852. Yeovil 43.

WILSON & GRAY

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESSES: "Wilsogra, London." "Wilsogra, Yeovil."

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED AND PRINCIPAL AGENCY FOR
TUDOR, ELIZABETHAN, AND OLD-FASHIONED PROPERTIES of interest for SALE or for LETTING, Furnished or Unfurnished. Owners and Applicants *can obtain expert and reliable information and advice.*

RESTORATION OF OLD-WORLD PLACES.—WILSON and GRAY prepare plans and specifications for the renovation and restoration of old Houses and Mansions at *moderate fees.* WILSON and GRAY have, by careful study and considerable *practical experience*, gained extensive knowledge in this special branch of their business, and if desired they will be pleased to arrange for clients to inspect either work completed or work now in hand. *Owners are respectfully invited to consult Wilson and Gray respecting contemplated improvements.*

WILTS, DORSET, SOMERSET, HANTS, CORNWALL, DEVON.
WILSON & GRAY, OF LONDON AND YEOVIL, are Agents for the more important Properties now available in the above Counties. Lists will be sent gratis on receipt of requirements.

A FAVOURITE RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING PART OF SOMERSET.
A BEAUTIFUL FREEHOLD ESTATE OF 150 ACRES, IN A RING FENCE.

TO BE SOLD.

Showing over 4 per cent. return on price.

Long carriage drive. Richly timbered park and grounds. House faces due South and is protected from the North.

Spacious hall, 3 fine reception rooms, 11 bedrooms, bathroom, excellent offices.

Stabling for 6; walled kitchen garden; lake with island; model farm, farmhouse, 2 cottages.

House and 16 acres in hand,
Residue Let at £274 per annum.

—Highly recommended by WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and 20, Princes Street, Yeovil.

CHARMING OLD-WORLD HOUSE AND GARDEN.

HANTS.—In the favourite Andover neighbourhood, 1 mile from a station.

£1,500, FREEHOLD.—The above delightful PROPERTY, in a high and bracing situation, about 300ft. above sea level: 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, hall, 3 reception rooms, good offices; stabling for 6; well-timbered gardens, with lawns, walled kitchen garden, flower gardens, pergola, paddock, etc., in all about 3 acres; 2 cottages can be had in addition.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil.

SUSSEX AND SURREY BORDERS.
FINE OAK BEAMS.
PANELLING AND OPEN FIREPLACES.
GRAND POSITION, 400FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

FOR SALE, a singularly beautiful FREEHOLD PROPERTY, in one of the most lovely parts of the Home Counties, including a

GENUINE OLD MANOR HOUSE,

containing: hall, 4 reception rooms, good offices, 9 bedrooms, bathroom; finely timbered grounds, lawns for tennis and croquet, flower and kitchen gardens, orchard and park, in all 50 acres.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

A BARGAIN IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

In a beautiful part, 350ft. above sea level.

£2,900, FREEHOLD.—A DELIGHTFUL AND PICTURESQUE OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE, well away from road, approached by carriage drive: 3 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms; stabling of 4 loose boxes; 2 cottages; the grounds are finely timbered and include tennis lawns, ornamental pond, kitchen garden, orchard, paddock, in all nearly 5 acres.—Sole Agents, Messrs. WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W.

A BARGAIN.

BUCKS.—The most beautiful part of the county and within easy reach of London. Splendidly appointed RESIDENCE, with 14 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, billiard room, 4 reception rooms, etc.; electric light, gravel soil, lovely old gardens, 2 cottages; stabling and garage. About 10 acres in all. FREEHOLD for Sale at a low figure.—Inspected and highly recommended by the Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

"SHREWTON HOUSE," SHREWTON, WILTS.

In a bracing situation about 12 miles from Salisbury, 7 miles from Lavington and Wishford Stations (G.W.Ry.), and 7 miles from Amesbury (L.S.W.Ry.)

£125 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED.—An attractive old-fashioned HOUSE, in first-rate order throughout, and standing about ¼ mile back from the road, 'midst parklike surroundings. Accommodation: 3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, excellent domestic offices; stabling for 5; garage, 2 cottages; good water supply; well-timbered gardens with 2 tennis courts, 2 kitchen gardens, surrounded by park with 9-hole golf links.

SHOOTING OVER ABOUT 1,500 ACRES

can be had if desired.—Sole Agents, Messrs. RAWLENCE and SQUAREY, Salisbury, and Messrs. WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W., and at Yeovil.

AT A SACRIFICIAL PRICE.

YORKSHIRE, in the best part, grandly situated, overlooking the Moors. For private occupation, religious institute, sanatorium, school, etc.

£5,000 WILL PROBABLY BE ACCEPTED for a well-known MANSION and about 25 acres of beautiful grounds. Accommodation: entrance hall, 5 reception rooms, ample offices, 25 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; gas, heating by hot-water pipes; stabling for 9; cottages. The whole Estate, about 750 acres, would be SOLD. —Full details of WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W.

OWNER MUST SELL BEFORE THE WINTER.

A GENUINE SHOW PLACE FOR SALE AT AN ABSOLUTE BARGAIN PRICE.

LOVELIEST PART OF BERKS (an hour from London).—The delightful old QUEEN ANNE HOUSE contains: 9 bedrooms, bathroom, hall, 3 reception rooms, etc.; stabling and cottage.

PERFECT OLD-WORLD GARDENS, FOR THEIR SIZE PROBABLY THE MOST BEAUTIFUL IN THE COUNTY.

—Price for the Freehold and full particulars can be obtained from WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount St., W.

BLACK AND WHITE FARMHOUSE,
and 60 acres of beautifully timbered parklands.

£2,500, FREEHOLD.—Near Ashdown Forest. House can be restored; sandy soil; good water; 400ft. above sea level; superb views.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

500FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL, ON A SOUTHERN SLOPE AND SANDY SOIL, AND COMMANDING SUPERB VIEWS.

SUSSEX SANATORIUM SITE for SALE at practically its agricultural value. The site is Freehold, and comprises 250 acres, 2 farmhouses, 5 cottages, 70 acres of grand woods; excellent water supply; no public footpaths across any portion.—Plan and illustrated particulars from the Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

Offices: 100, MOUNT ST., GROSVENOR SQ., LONDON, W.; and at 20, PRINCES ST., YEOVIL (Western Counties Branch)

TELEGRAMS: "Mercural, London."

F. L. MERCER & CO.,

7, SACKVILLE STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONE No. 1579 Gerrard.

CONSIDERED THE PRETTIEST PROPERTY IN THE DISTRICT.

HORSHAM (1 mile from this favourite market town, high up, on light soil, 'midst beautiful country, almost adjoining famous golf links).—The ELEGANT RESIDENCE contains: 4 reception, bath, 10 bedrooms; there is a long carriage drive with pretty entrance lodge; excellent stabling; garage; exceptionally pretty pleasure grounds and parklike meadows of 15½ ACRES. Price £6,500.—Sole Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

HANTS (close to borders of NEW FOREST, near RINGWOOD).—FOR SALE, the above charming picturesque RESIDENCE: 5 large reception, bath, 18 bed and dressing rooms; stabling for 6; home farm, gardener's cottage. CHARMING OLD WELL-LAID-OUT GROUNDS and well-timbered pasture-land, nearly 60 ACRES. HUNTING (Fox and Stag). FISHING. GOLF. South aspect, gravel soil. Moderate Price.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

CANTERBURY AND FOLKESTONE (between).—For SALE, attractive COUNTRY RESIDENCE, occupying magnificent, healthy situation, approached by carriage drive: 9 bed and dressing, 3 reception rooms; stabling for 4, motor garage; heated conservatory; charming pleasure grounds and beautifully timbered parklike meadow-land, in all 14 ACRES; gardener's cottage. HUNTING. Price, Freehold, £2,000.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

A QUAINT OLD MANOR HOUSE, FULL OF OAK.

EAST GRINSTEAD (1 mile from station in a high rural situation, on gravel soil, grand views).—Lounge hall, 3 reception, bath, 8 bedrooms; stabling, cottage, farmery, beautiful grounds, and parklike paddocks of 14 ACRES; main water. Bargain, £3,000, or to Let Furnished at £200 per annum.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

IN THE FAVOURITE BASINGSTOKE DISTRICT.

A **BEAUTIFUL FAMILY RESIDENCE.**—Excellent stabling, garage, gardener's cottage, farmhouse buildings; exquisite pleasure grounds, beautifully timbered, and PARKLANDS OF 50 ACRES. High up; light soil. Shooting and golf. Main water. Modern sanitation. £7,000.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

FAVOURITE PETERSFIELD DISTRICT

HANTS (2½ miles from station).—HANDSOME STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE, standing high and commanding beautiful views: 13 bed and dressing rooms, bath, 3 reception, all modern improvements, hot-water radiators; capital stabling for 8; large motor garage; farmery, 5 cottages. BEAUTIFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS. WELL-TIMBERED PARKLANDS AND WOODS OF 210 OR 40 ACRES. For SALE at £12,000, or to be LET, UNFURNISHED.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

1¼ HOURS NORTH OF LONDON.

TO BE LET, on LEASE, OLD-FASHIONED GABLED RESIDENCE, in excellent order and repair; charming situation: 12 bed and dressing rooms, excellent bath, 4 reception; gas and excellent water supply. CHARMING OLD GROUNDS. PASTURE-LAND 25 ACRES. Stabling for 8, 2 lodges, cottage. With or without SHOOTING OVER 1,300 ACRES. Also HUNTING AND GOLF. Rent, £18 per annum.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above. Personally inspected and recommended.

A TIMES PRICE BARGAIN.

HANTS (near Andover).—Beautiful JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE, in perfect order; charming grounds, stabling, garage, extensive buildings, and 130 ACRES OF RICH LAND. BARGAIN, £2,650. —Sole Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

ACETYLENE FOR HOUSE LIGHTING

THE BEST AND MOST ECONOMICAL COUNTRY HOUSE ILLUMINANT

NO uncertainty.

NO troublesome mantles.

NO blackened ceilings.

THORN & HODDLE ACETYLENE CO., LTD., 151, VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER.

Write for CATALOGUE B 12

NOW READY.

SPLENDID GIFT.

The New Volume of THE BYSTANDER, bound in green stamped cloth, with gold letterings,

Price 10/6.

Containing nearly 1,000 Pages and 2,000 Pictures. The most complete illustrated record of the World's doings to be found in any publication. POSTAL RATE FOR BRITISH ISLES, 1s. EXTRA.

OFFICE: TALLIS HOUSE, TALLIS STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Silent Electric Clocks.

NEVER REQUIRE WINDING.

SHOW THE SAME TIME EVERYWHERE.

ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE.

Extract from Recent Letter.

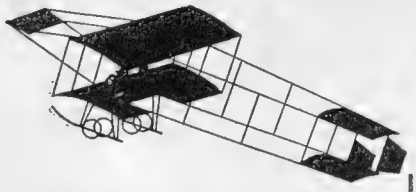
"I have much pleasure in stating that the Electric Clocks installed by you in this Hotel have given us every satisfaction."

For Illustrated Booklet and Particulars, apply to—

Silent Electric Clock Co.,

192, GOSWELL ROAD, E.C.

Telegrams:—"Silectocks, London." Telephone—"2820 City."



AMERICAN & COLONIAL
VISITORS TO ENGLAND

Should not fail to see the
Druidical Remains on

SALISBURY PLAIN

and after inspecting these ancient relics enjoy the unique pleasure of a passenger flight on the celebrated

BRISTOL
Aeroplanes

which are continually flying over

STONEHENGE.

Write or call for terms and particulars,
Chief Instructor,
BRITISH & COLONIAL AEROPLANE Co.'s FLYING SCHOOL, LARKHILL, Near Amesbury, Salisbury Plain.

WOLSEY IS SPLENDID!
—Splendid all round; splendid for health and comfort, because all pure wool; splendid for wear, because so well made and finished; splendid for value, because of its quality and of the guarantee to replace free of cost any Wolsey Garment found to shrink.

The excellence of Wolsey has made it the most widely selling brand of underwear in the world.

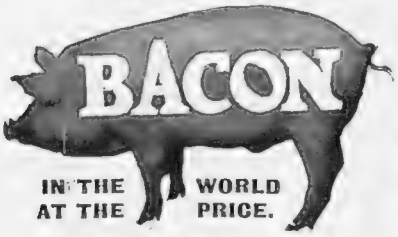
Wolsey
UNDERWEAR

Made in all garments and all sizes for men, women, and children, and sold at prices to suit all purses.

Ask also about Wolsey Hose, Half Hose, Blouses, Gloves, &c., &c. Sold everywhere, but be sure to see the Wolsey Trade Mark when you buy.

THE WOLSEY UNDERWEAR CO., LEICESTER.

THE BEST



MILES'

Finest Three Star Excellent, in sides weighing about 45lbs. each, now used regularly by over 1,000 titled personages.

Unsmoked 8d. lb. Smoked 8½d. lb.

Rail paid anywhere. Absolutely perfect

BACON

and will keep quite sweet for six weeks or two months. Money returned if not satisfactory.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED LIST.

EDWARD MILES, Contractor to H.M. Government,
Broadmead Bacon Factory, Bristol.

Ackerman-Laurance
"Dry-Royal"

The best value in Sparkling Wine. 54/- *per dozen.*

THE
DAILY GRAPHIC
is the only Daily
Newspaper giving
£1,000 INSURANCE.

Office: TALLIS HOUSE, TALLIS STREET, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.

FATE THE STARS TELL YOU.

6,000 TESTIMONIALS.

I will send a **Test Horoscope** comprising seven pages and cover on receipt of 1/- P.O. and 1d. stamp for postage. Simply give date, month and year of birth—time if known. Money returned if Horoscope is untrue.

Mr. Newton Verity (B.E.), 58, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

3884

LOTUS

GOLF BOOTS AND SHOES for ladies. Beautifully made and delightful to wear. Selected Calf uppers; strong English oak bark tanned soles, welted and waterproofed. The shoe is supplied in black and brown; the boot in brown only.

98—17/9

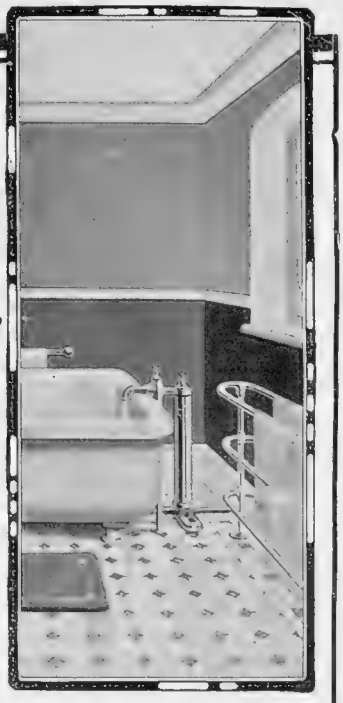
58—21/-

Supplied by more than 600 agents in London and the provinces, all in direct touch with the factory at Stafford. New catalogue and local agent's address sent on request. Write THE LOTUS SHOE MAKERS, STAFFORD, or telephone No. 6089 London Wall.

"Tiled or marbled bathrooms are exceptions in the average home, while varnished paper discolours, fades, peels off, and quickly becomes unsightly."

HALL'S DISTEMPER

Regd. Trade Mark



possesses conspicuous advantages for bath-room decoration. It sets hard as cement, and is impervious to steam.

For Hall's Distemper bath-rooms the lower part should be varnished as illustrated, with Sissons' Special Varnish No 1215. This forms a waterproof washable dado, which is unaffected by splashing. This varnishing makes the distemper darker, giving the most harmonious of all combinations,—two shades of the same colour.

A light shade of Hall's Distemper should be chosen, and the dado rail and other woodwork enamelled with "Sisco" White Japan.

Give this illustration and specification to your decorator.

Sample shade card and full particulars post free from

SISSONS BROTHERS & CO., Ltd., HULL.

London Office:—199B, Borough High Street, S.E.

IRISH LINEN at Robinson & Cleaver's

Irish Household Linens.

Linen Damask Table Cloths in Satin Stripe, Floral and other Designs. 2 by 2 yds., 8/6 each; 2 by 2½ yds., 10/8 each. Napkins to match, ⅝ by ⅝ yd., 8/9; ¾ by ¾ yd., 13/6 dozen.
Hemstitched Linen Sheets, 2 by 3 yds., 17/6 pair; 2½ by 3 yds., 22/6 pair.
Hemstitched Linen Pillow Cases, 20 by 30 ins., 5/- pair; 20 by 32 ins., 5/10 pair.
Grass Bleached Linen Towels, Hemstitched, 12/6 doz.

Irish Collars.

"Castle" Collars, linen faced (the styles include the newest and the old-style designs also), per dozen, double shapes, 5/11; single shapes, 4/11.

Irish Linen Handkerchiefs.

Ladies' All-linen, Hemstitched, 2/11 to 12/6 per dozen.
Ladies' Linen Initial Handkerchiefs, any initial, 6/3 to 13/6 per dozen.
Gentlemen's Cambric Handkerchiefs, tape or corded borders, about 21 ins. square, 5/3 to 8/11 per dozen.
Gentlemen's Initial Handkerchiefs, pure linen, finely hemstitched, about 19½ ins. square, 8/6 to 15/6 per dozen

Irish Shirts.

"Matchless" Shirts, with fine four-fold fronts and cuffs, for dress or day wear (to measure 2/- per half-dozen extra), per half-dozen, 35/6.

Carriage Paid on orders of £1 and upwards.

Robinson & Cleaver, Ltd.,
By Appointment to Their Majesties.
44, T, Donegall Place,
BELFAST.

Samples and illustrated lists post free.

LONDON. LIVERPOOL.

ASTROLOGY

WHEN YOU ARE TIRED of experimenting with mysterious advertisers who fail to give you satisfaction, send me your birth-date and 1/- P.O. for a REAL Astrological reading, and two years' USEFUL advice.
It will be a REVELATION, and enable you to understand why my practice has so rapidly increased among those who really wish to make the best of life.
Prf. Mercury(BD)Philog., Cardiff.

Hinde's

Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers, Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.

Hair Wavers.

PERSONAL.

If you are worried by Flies, Midges, etc., send a penny stamp to

D. and W. GIBBS, Ltd.,
WAPPING, LONDON, E.,

who will post you a small sample of their

INSECTOL Fluid (Reg.),

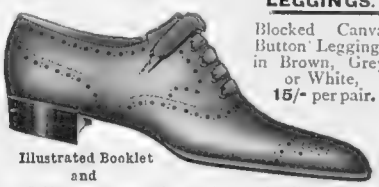
together with the name of the nearest Chemist where the full size 1/- bottles can be obtained, and with the above Messrs. Gibbs will also send a small sample of their celebrated French Dentifrice.

Quote this paper.

Faulkner & Son
BOOTMAKERS. ESTD 1871.

52, South Molton St., Bond St., W.
GRAND PRIX, FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION:
Messrs. FAULKNER & SON'S boots are made to order by workmen of exceptional skill from the finest and choicest materials obtainable.

LEGGINGS.



Blocked Canvas Button Leggings, in Brown, Grey, or White, **15/-** per pair.

Illustrated Booklet and Self-Measurement Apparatus on Application.

THE GRAPHIC GALLERY

190, Strand, W.C.

Exhibition of Humorous Art

THE ROYAL RED ROUTE

Drawings by

H. M. Bateman, Lewis Baumer, René Bull, Dudley Hardy, John Hassall, N. Morrow, Frank Reynolds, Heath Robinson, Harry Rowntree, G. Studdy, Lawson Wood, and others.

Exhibition Now Open.

Week-days, 9.30 till 8. Saturdays, 9.30 till 6.

ADMISSION FREE.

MARICH Cigarettes

SMOKED BY ROYALTY

A solid leather cigarette case containing a sample of these Cigarettes will be sent to anyone enclosing a P.O. (or stamps) for 1/6 & mentioning paper.

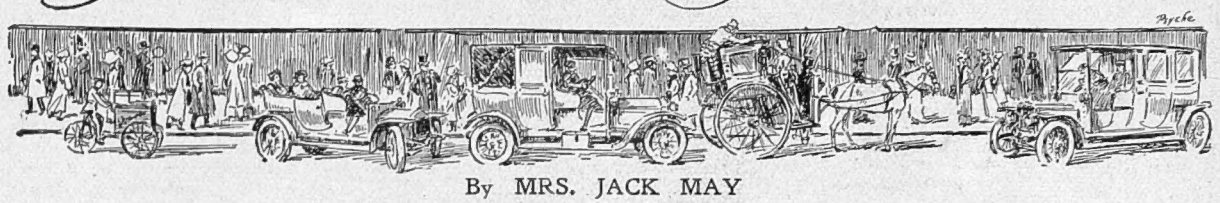
Their Exquisite qualities satisfy the most Critical Tastes.

Supplied to many of the leading Naval and Military Messes, Clubs, &c.

100, post free, 7/-

V. MARICH & CO. (MALTA),
Dept. B, Billiter Buildings, LONDON, E.C.

Fashion's Fancies.



By MRS. JACK MAY

SMART COATS FOR EARLY AUTUMN

Preparing for an Old-Fashioned Winter

THE question as to whether this unique summer will be followed by a proportionately severe winter is becoming almost banal. The consensus of opinion is that we are going to have an old-fashioned winter, and if this is so, I fear me that the threatened invasion of taffeta and satin tailored costumes will scarcely meet the case. This craze, however, may be only a mid-season fancy, although it is being vigorously fanned into fame by the leading Parisian *ateliers*. Black and a bright shade of blue are the *nuances* most favoured.

There was immense distinction in a black taffeta model, arranged with a tunic-skirt, the upper part with a deep outward turned hem, and a coat of tempered Directoire fashion. One noticeable feature of this coat was a wide belt of the taffeta that united the flat, straight basques and upper of Directoire character, while another feature was the mammoth double revers of satin and Oriental tissue, with cuffs to correspond.

The Vogue of the Tailor-Made

Quite an appreciable number of the early autumn coats appear to have bands, either whole or semi, although some occur beneath the arms only. A smart little steel-grey *laine* cloth had the back of the coat fitted to the figure, with a suggestion of fullness, into a half band of the material, and was ornamented with round old silver buttons.

Photograph *Underwood*

Fashions at Trouville

Charming versions of the embroidered gown

Undoubtedly the most original feature in connection with tailor-mades is fringe. Black fringe on a navy taffeta is singularly effective, introduced in a rather wide width at the hem of the skirt, and again somewhat narrower round the now almost ubiquitous over-skirt; while on the coat it usually serves to outline the cut of the lower edge of the sleeves and the *chic* capuchin collar. The last feature, by the way, has a future of assured success before it, and is at its best expressed in a contrasting material or colour.

There is no mistaking the fell determination of fringe to come to the front in its every diversity and width. It invades, as I have already recorded, the realms of millinery, and it is to be observed working a thin end of the wedge into peltry persuasions. Hitherto fringe has been so essentially a *modiste's* adjunct, that one is tempted to make a stand before such bold encroachments into apparently unsympathetic quarters. But the great have so decreed.

Tentative Autumnal Millinery

The dearest, neatest little *niniché chapeaux* of black velvet have put in an appearance, and no eye or taste but succumbs to their charm. A quaint trimming comprises two white owls' heads, placed either side, these showing up gloriously against a black velvet background, the *chapeau* completed by an all-over lace veil. And this is a possession that may be acquired with every confidence, since it would crown with *éclat* almost any smart dress, tailor or otherwise.

Delusive Simplicity

The latest *coiffure* has to be seriously reckoned with, for on it rests much of the success of our headgear. It is a complete *volte face*, and those who are at present busy swathing their heads in flat *bandeaux* of hair, held by mammoth fat pins, will scarcely welcome the fresh vogue, unless they have perfectly shaped heads and are cognisant of the fact. Then will they gladly welcome this flat, severe dressing, which defines very clearly the shape of the head. The effect is as though the hair were, in old-world parlance, braided over the ears, and held there low down with combs or pins, while in the nape of the neck a soft, round chignon coil is disposed. This description, I may say at once, has a delusive simplicity about it, which will be found lacking in reality. Although opportunity has not yet been afforded me of being technically initiated into this *coiffure*, a certain trained instinct tells me there is a vast deal more than appears on the surface.

As I have already related in these columns, the Parisian *élégante* has been affecting something of this close style of *coiffure* for some time, but the arrangement has differed somewhat from that described above, and on their side of the Channel it has made little or no headway. Here, the love of elaboration expressed in the guise of curls, *pouſs*, and switches still obtains to the exclusion of simplicity.

Fashions at Trouville

Feather millinery is the rage of the moment at Trouville

Graceful Coronal Dressing

The more severe type of *coiffure* will scarcely, for example, adorn with complete success a profile with tip-tilted nose, or full cheeks accompanied by a double chin. The *mode*, however, is, so to say, in its infancy, and tempering and alleviating methods may come along which will aid adaptation to various types of faces. Anyway, it seems pretty well assured that we are in for an entirely fresh *coiffure régime*, the which, I should in honesty add, is being arrived at by the English *élégante* through the medium of the graceful coronal dressing, a treatment that perforce dispenses with any extraneous assistance in the shape of frisettes and pads. Because of this vogue the sale of switches has gone up in leaps and bounds.

The Menu:

THE GAME SEASON—DIFFERENT WAYS OF COOKING PARTRIDGES

Roast Partridge
Partridges with Mushrooms
Partridges with Piquante Sauce
Stewed Partridge (Old Birds)
Broiled Partridge (a French Recipe)
Partridge Salad

Roast Partridge

Let the birds hang as long as they can without becoming offensive; pick them carefully, draw, and singe them; wipe the insides thoroughly with a clean cloth; truss them with the head turned under the wing and the legs drawn close together. Flour them, and baste them plentifully with butter. Dish them upon fried breadcrumbs, and serve them with bread-sauce and good brown gravy, Time, about thirty minutes.

Partridges with Mushrooms

Dissolve over a gentle fire 1½oz. of butter, throw in about three-quarters of a pint of button mushrooms, with a slight sprinkling of salt and cayenne, simmer them from eight to ten minutes, and turn them, with the butter, on to a plate; when they are quite cold, put them into the bodies of a brace of partridges, sew them up, truss them, and roast them from thirty to forty minutes. Serve them with brown mushroom sauce, or with gravy and bread-sauce only, according to taste.

Partridges with Piquante Sauce

Prepare three partridges as for roasting, wipe the insides, and into each bird put a spoonful of Spanish onion which has been boiled in milk, chopped, and seasoned with pepper and salt. Place them in a saucepan with some stock, a piece of onion stuck with two or three cloves, a slice of lean bacon or ham, and a seasoning of pepper and salt, simmer until perfectly tender—about an hour. Take out the birds, drain them, and keep them hot in another pan by the side of the stove, thicken the gravy, after having strained it, with brown roux, add a good tablespoonful of port wine, a pinch of nutmeg, and, if required, a little more pepper and salt. Put the birds on a hot dish, and pour the sauce over them.

Stewed Partridge (Old Birds)

Brown a brace of partridges in a stewpan, in either clarified dripping or butter, add a piece of bacon cut into small pieces, a little chopped onion, two cloves, two carrots chopped small, a bay-leaf, and some good stock; place these with the birds in a casserole dish in the oven, and cook gently for one and a half hours. Strain the gravy before serving.

Broiled Partridge

Divide and flatten the bird, season it with salt and pepper, or cayenne, dip it into clarified butter, and then into very fine breadcrumbs, and take care that every part be equally covered; place over a very clear fire, and broil it gently from twenty to thirty minutes. Send it to table with brown mushroom sauce, if for dinner, but if for a breakfast dish, a good slice of butter put on the moment it is taken off the grill would be preferred.

Partridge Salad

Cut some cold roast partridges into neat pieces, and let them marinade for an hour or two in a mixture of oil and vinegar, seasoned with pepper, salt, and some chopped tarragon. Then arrange the pieces of partridge in a salad-bowl, surround them with nicely shredded lettuce, and decorate the whole with hard-boiled eggs in quarters, sliced gherkins, and filleted anchovies. Sprinkle over all the mixture in which the partridges were marinaded.

EMILIA

PRESCRIBED FOR MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

Beware of neglecting "Liverishness"—that condition which is so fruitful of constitutional diseases, such as Bright's Disease, Diabetes, &c.

Aid the Liver to do its work both easily and efficiently with "Kutnow's Powder," and health danger will be removed.

KUTNOW'S POWDER

For Liver, Kidneys & Bowels.

OBTAIN THIS GRATIS TRIAL PACKAGE

To become Free from all the distress and danger of "liverishness"—to learn how to remain free from these ill and weakening conditions for the rest of your life—surely this is an opportunity which every sufferer from disorders of the Liver, Kidneys, and Bowels will seize without delay.

Nobody whose liver, kidneys, or bowels are acting ineffectively can feel either well or energetic.

It is the duty of these organs to expel from the body the poisonous products of tissue-destruction which are continually being formed in the system.

When they are working badly, some of this poisonous matter is left to circulate in the system.

In consequence you suffer from self-poisoning.

Your nerves—your brain—your blood—all are poisoned.

But, fortunately, every poison has its proper antidote. And the antidote for this form of self-poisoning is "Kutnow's Powder."

Symptoms Removed

Some of the symptoms of this form of Self-Poisoning (which "Kutnow's Powder" eradicates) are as follows:—

—Neuralgia	—Lassitude
—Nervous Debility	—Aversion to Work
—Neurasthenia	—Nervous Irritability
—Innervation	—Bursts of Temper
—Lack of Energy	—Sleeplessness
—Indigestion	—Constipation
—Rheumatism and Gout	—Loss of Appetite
—Drowsiness during Day	—That "Run Down" Feeling

You can procure "Kutnow's Powder" from all leading chemists and stores in 2/9 bottles. Genuine bottles of "Kutnow's Powder" are always packed in cartons bearing a label with the signature of S. KUTNOW & Co., Ld. and the registered trade mark of the "Hirschensprung" or "Deer Leap."

If you have any difficulty in getting it, send the 2/9 plus 3*d.* in stamps to pay the postage to S. KUTNOW & Co., Ld., 41, Farringdon Road, London, E.C., and the bottle will be posted to you direct.

But first use the Coupon below and get the free trial supply of "Kutnow's Powder."

APPLICATION FOR FREE TRIAL OF "KUTNOW'S POWDER."

To S. KUTNOW & Co., Ld.,
41, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

Dear Sir,—I will accept a free trial of your great remedy for Liver, Kidney, and Bowel troubles.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

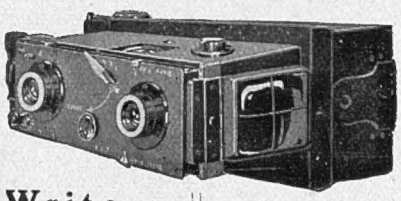
"The Bystander," 6/9/11.

Only Photographers should read this advertisement

Strange as it may seem, to the keen photographer, there are still thousands of amateurs who have never seen a Verascope picture. Yet so keen are the Verascope photographers that now they would never think of using an ordinary film or plate camera, as even the finest results with the latter are flat, lifeless, and characterless in comparison.

With the Verascope you get pictures of an entirely different calibre, which are "alive" with real interest as each figure and each detail stands out in the same bold relief as in actual life.

Being anxious that everyone should have an opportunity of seeing these superb results we have arranged a special exhibition of Verascope pictures, all of which have been taken by amateurs.



Call to-day to see these superb examples of the photographer's art. They will be a revelation to you. Yet so simple is the Verascope that you will learn quickly to create equally fine pictorial gems. Write for List No. 3.

Write to-day for List No. 3 It is Free

JULES RICHARD
VERASCOPE HOUSE
27 New Bond St. W.
London

Don't throw away your old Feathers.
Have them made into Lancers

OSFEFA, LTD.,
8a, SLOANE ST., LONDON, S.W.
(OStrich FEather FArms.)

SPECIALISTS IN OSTRICH FEATHER WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

KNOTTING LANCERS 8d. per inch.
(Special Autumn Price.)

CLEANING, CURLING, DYEING, REMAKING.

Catalogue sent on application, Post Free.

The "Auriphone" for the Deaf

(Patent applied for.)

Prices from **50/-** each.

Why remain DEAF? when we have a loud sound magnifying pocket telephone which **WILL MAKE** you hear.

The **"AURIPHONE"** is inconspicuous and light, only weighing a few ounces, is readily portable, and the cheapest instrument of its kind. The **"AURIPHONE"** is **British made**, and is designed for use in Churches, Theatres, Lecture Halls, and for general conversation at home.

15 Days' Trial.

A 15 days' trial is offered to all who may desire it, without importunity to purchase. Write or call for our descriptive pamphlet giving full particulars.

AURIPHONES, Ltd.
1, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, W.

Agents: Ask your local Chemist to obtain our instrument from Messrs. ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., for a 15 days' trial.

The Editor's Box

The Dance Bizarre

Ethel Levey is a revelation to London. It is rare that we see such vim, such enthusiasm, and such zest in life as are exhibited by this little lady from America. She sets off a note of bizarre beauty in her dancing. Her "Grizzly Bear," for instance, scored encore on encore. Her dancing is full of the fascination of novelty. It is no exaggeration to say that no real lover of the variety theatre will miss seeing Ethel Levey during her stay at the Alhambra. Franco Piper is another excellent addition to a programme. While he juggles in an amazing manner with several banjos *à la fois*, Mr. Piper contrives to extract equally amazing music from them. It's a clever programme at the Mooresque Palace in the Square.

Sweet Lavender

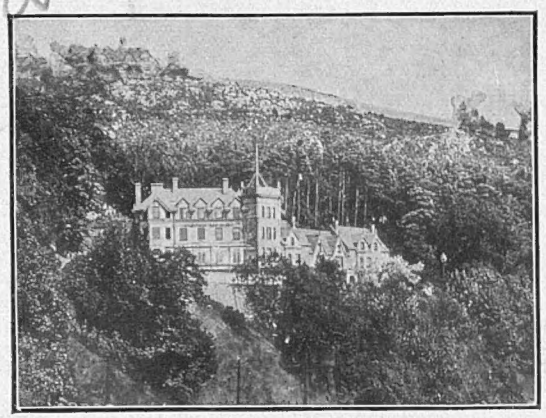
It is a mistake to suppose that the manufacture of perfumes is essentially a foreign art. While it is true that many of the ingredients used by perfumers are gums and spices which come from the East, British manufacturers are quite to the forefront in preparing these, and have, in addition, many perfumes which are almost peculiar to this country. One of these is the famous lavender, which is the favourite perfume of Queen Alexandra, and perhaps the most popular form in which it is found is in smelling salts. The Crown Lavender Salts, which are made only by the Crown Perfumery Company, of London, possess not only the delightful fragrance of English lavender, but have stimulating and refreshing properties of their own which are not found in other salts. The Crown Lavender Salts are those put up in the familiar green bottles with crown-shaped stoppers.

Another Novelty from Wright's

The proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap are always producing something fresh in little advertising novelties. The latest is Wright's Coal Tar Soap Alphabet Book, which contains a really humorous verse and drawing in colour for each letter of the alphabet. It will not be to children alone that this booklet will conjure up a smile. It will be sent free to any reader of THE BYSTANDER who incloses ½*d.* for postage. Letters should be addressed to "Alphabet," Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 44-50, Southwark Street, S.E.

American Versatility

With a wealth of brown hair, eyes full of mischief and yet appeal, and some dimples that must be seen to be believed, Miss Nella Webb, who made her first appearance at the Empire Theatre last Monday week, is making a great impression. This brilliant little artist, fresh from America, where she has been starring in musical comedy and playing the heroines in Shakespeare, has but lately taken to the variety stage. Miss Webb, however, brings with her to the Empire Theatre a large répertoire of songs, which range from grave to gay, songs which, though in English, might belong to the French *café chantant*, and songs which are so complete in their pathos and tender appeal that they must reach the hearts of her audiences. She is also a fine dancer—her every gesture is full of grace, and her very expressive face is a splendid medium for her work. Miss Marie Dainton and Company also appeared in a musical playlet by Sydney Blow and Douglas Hoare, entitled "The Little Lieutenant," with music by Reginald Somerville.



Fishguard Bay Hotel

The new and commodious establishment of the Great Western Railway at Fishguard Harbour

Imperial Operatic Enterprise

Mr. Thomas Quinlan's Imperial Operatic Scheme, which has been organised to give Grand Opera on the most elaborate lines and in the English language, is now complete. The singers include Miss Lalla Miranda, of the Paris Opera and Covent Garden; Miss Jeanne Brola, of La Scala, Milan; Miss Vera Courtenay, of the Metropolitan Opera, New York; Mr. Robert Hinckley and Mr. Clarence Whitehill, of Bayreuth and the Metropolitan, New York; Mr. Robert Parker, of the Cologne Royal Opera; and the prime English favourites, Miss Agnes Nicholls, Miss Edna Thornton, Mr. John Harrison, and Mr. John Coates. The first performance will take place at Liverpool on October 2, and after a four months' tour in the United Kingdom the entire company of 150 artists will visit South Africa and Australasia.

A Delightful Irish Whiskey

Whiskey-drinkers should make a point of trying "Tyrconnell," which is an ideal Irish whiskey, appealing at once to the most fastidious palate. There is a subtle charm about the flavour, the aroma—the delicacy of "Tyronnell," which creates a demand among whiskey connoisseurs, who know what good whiskey is, and what good whiskey should be. Be sure when buying "Tyrconnell" that the quality label "Veritor" is on the bottle, and you will then be certain of having "Irish" at its best.

TO GET OVER MAL-NUTRITION

Two eminent physicians write as follows:

May 30th, 1911.

"We use and greatly enjoy **Plasmon** Preparations, and a member of my family has used **Plasmon** with great benefit, having gained 9lbs. in weight, and far more than £9 in appearance."

June 5th, 1911. ————, M.D.

"I found **Plasmon** Specialities all that could be desired in a particular case where I was able from personal observation to note their effects; a child of twelve, who, without any definite illness, did not thrive on ordinary healthy food."

————, L.R.C.P.

A Special **Art-Metal Box** *containing a packet of Plasmon, Plasmon Cornflour, Plasmon Custard, Plasmon Biscuits, Plasmon Tea, and Plasmon Chocolate, together with an illustrated Cookery Book, will be sent for* 1*s. post free, to all who write mentioning this paper to Plasmon, Ltd., 66a, Farringdon Street, London.*

PLASMON IS USED BY THE ROYAL FAMILY.

Delicious & Digestible Cocoa

Savory and Moore's Cocoa and Milk is a delicious and highly nourishing preparation, made by a special process which renders it quite easy of digestion, even by invalids, dyspeptics, and those who have to be extremely careful in matters of diet. Its ingredients are the finest cocoa, freed from the excess of fat which causes indigestion, and pure, rich country milk. Connoisseurs of cocoa particularly appreciate its excellent flavour and fragrance.

Another point in its favour is that it requires neither sugar nor milk, and is made in a moment simply by adding hot water. It forms an excellent substitute for tea or coffee for the morning meal, and is far more nourishing. Tins 2*s.* 6*d.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*, of all Chemists and Stores.

A TRIAL TIN of the Cocoa and Milk will be sent, by return, post free, for 3*d.* Mention "The Bystander," and address: Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, New Bond Street, London.